ENGLISH REVIEW

1/-

OCTOBER, 1930

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

NON-MILITARISTIC control has failed in Waziristan. It was bound to fail when the whole frontier began to be contaminated by pernicious propaganda from within and without India. Lord Irwin doubtless is well-meaning, but well-meaning people are not necessarily practical. Trifling with revolutionaries only adds to their numbers and Lord Irwin thus leaves his successor a most difficult road to travel.

* * * *

Three men are being discussed in the clubs as likely successors, Sir John Simon, Sir Herbert Samuel and Mr. Winston Churchill, with Simon a good first. It is declared that the chief reason why Sir John will not be at the Round Table Conference is that he can be free to undertake the task of Viceroy unfettered by any participation in the negotiations of India's future. Moreover, it is believed the Conference is almost certain to fall back to a considerable extent on the recommendations of the Simon report, and who better should carry out these recommendations than the author himself? Of the other two, Sir Herbert Samuel's name produces little or no enthusiasm, whereas Winston is considered a strong man, capable of handling the present situation. No bigger post remains for him except that of Prime Minister. His chances of attaining the latter would be strengthened by a successful and probably brilliant term as Viceroy. But it is not sure that his health would permit him to accept.

* * * *

Not one Anglo-Indian in a thousand is bold enough to suggest a second term for Lord Irwin, and if Mr. Baldwin were to advocate it, either as Prime Minister or Leader of the Opposition, he would sign his political death warrant. If Mr. MacDonald nominates a Socialist Viceroy, too serious a strain will be put upon the convention that all parties shall respect these appointments; that, in fact, as in foreign politics, we show a united front. There is a vast difference between Tasmania, where the first Socialist Cabinet appointed Mr. O'Grady as Governor, and India. If, therefore, the contemplated appointment of Lord Thomson should be made, the already critical position in India would be dangerously aggravated.

* * * *

General Sir Charles Harington's name is freely discussed as the likely successor of Field-Marshal Sir George Milne as the next Chief of the Imperial General Staff. He is eminently suited for the post, for he knows the needs of India, after his experiences there in the Western Command. Development of mechanization drags in India, whereas it should march on parallel lines with policy at home.

* * * *

Arguments continue to be heard for and against the hunting with hounds of the wild deer. The antagonists of the sport are by no means done with yet and should there be any further incident of "the stag in the sea" again, as there was in Porlock Bay, it will be revived a hundredfold. How far deer suffer when hunted by hounds can be best appreciated by the following episode which occurred in the Exmoor country.

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A military friend of the late Sir Thomas Dyke Acland was fishing in his private waters near to Holnicote House. The stream was quite narrow and when wading up a run to fish a pool above, whose banks were heavily overgrown with bushes, he saw in the water of the pool a stag, covered completely save for its nostrils. The animal saw him and the look of terror in its eyes, luminous under the water, was unmistakeable. It seemed to say, " For God's sake, don't give me away." Almost simultaneously by the side of the stream, on the far side from Holnicote House, the huntsman rode up with the hounds, which had lost scent. The huntsman enquired if the fisherman had seen anything of the stag. His reply was a direct negative, qualified by the afterthought that he had seen a stag moving across the brow of the moors towards the upper waters of the stream. With that the huntsman continued his way upstream with the pack.

* * * *

Jogging along, talking and laughing, followed the hunt in singles, twos and threes. When all had passed, even the stragglers, and were well away out of sight, the fisherman gently touched the stag with the point of his rod. " Get up old chap," he said. With a bound the animal leapt out of the water, shook itself and trotted across the field towards Sir Thomas's kitchen garden, cleared the wall and began browsing on the vegetables. There he was seen from a window by a maid-servant, who gave the alarm, as a maid-servant would do, an alarm taken up by the men servants with whistles and co-ees.

* * * *

The stag trotted down the drive, jumped the gate, crossed the Minehead—Porlock road and went up to the cover on the stiff hillside beyond which lay safety and the sea. It had a good start of the hounds and was reasonably safe from capture and death. Back came the field and a score of eager tongues gave the desired direction. But the soldier-fisherman who knew the ropes of hunting knew that the stag had now the best chance. The Master, a soldier too, who later fell in the war, rode past the fisherman who was standing in the field, weighing up the situation. " You won't get him," he said, to which the Master replied, " I'll bet you a tenner we do." " Taken " was the laconic answer. Two days later Sir Thomas's guest received a cheque with the graphic accompaniment " Damn you ! " written on a sheet of paper.

* * * *

Lord Rothermere's new " party," the United Empire, is, according to report, to have an official leader. Lord Rothermere has no intention of allowing the post to go out of his family or, for that matter, his control, and he has hopes that one day his son, the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, will not only be in the Cabinet, but P.M. Meanwhile, as a stepping stone to greater things, Esmond is to be the leader of the United Empire Party with his father in the background as Dictator.

* * * *

Fortunately, perhaps, political memories are short, otherwise the career of a promising young man whose natural abilities and engaging personality should some day lead him far might suffer from the probably inglorious history of this phantom " party." It is a pity Mr. Harmsworth gave up Thanet where he was firmly enough established to have maintained a reasonable degree of independence.

* * * *

Lord Rothermere took a throw at the dice when he gave his benediction to he United Empire candidate at Bromley and is likely

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to take further throws—Beaverbrook willing or not willing—at London constituencies or those near by, where the weight of his morning and evening and Sunday papers can come down on his side. The painter between the Rothermere and Beaverbrook yachts is not cut, but the rope is slack and badly frayed, and Beaverbrook is seriously alarmed at the capers that are being cut at the Rothermere tiller.

* * * *

In Malta, capers grow on the wall of the Governor's garden, and there was written thereon as an injunction to others, "No one is allowed to cut any capers here except His Excellency."

* * * *

In Egypt, there are symptoms that some sort of internal struggle will break out on the question of Electoral Reform and, as a solution of the present difficulties, Mahmoud Pasha, the leader of the National Liberal Party, will come back to power, thus giving a quietus to the dictatorship of Sidky Pasha and another hefty rebuff to the Wafdists, who, if reports are anywhere near correct, are now quite tired of Nahas Pasha. It is satisfactory that there is no intention of reducing the British garrison in Egypt. The 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards are leaving Wellington Barracks this autumn for the Kasr-el-Nil Barracks in Cairo. They will relieve the 1st Welsh Guards. Thus the old idea that the Guards do not leave the London District in peace time is but a memory. Moreover, two regiments are to leave England for the Holy Land. Without their presence there, peace between Arab and Jew would be doubtful. And it looks as if this extra demand on our reduced Army's strength will have to continue for some time yet.

Mr. Snowden, at a dinner held a few months previous to the last General Election, wore an expression of absolute self-satisfaction, so much so that he could not refrain from saying, when the time came for him to reply for the Guests, that he would soon be in the place of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, of that he had no doubt. But now, he wears a chastened look and the ring of certainty has left his voice. There is no prognostication in any after-dinner speech of his regarding the future. It is an omen of defeat and failure, and no one of all the present Government shows it more unmistakably than the Chancellor. He has been tried and found wanting, and he knows it.

* * * *

With all due deference to the Jockey Club, is it not high time that some action was taken to ensure jockeys making some sort of an effort to secure getting a place in a race? Half a dozen times at York and Doncaster jockeys who could easily have been second and third, when they realized they could not win, threw down their hands and came in with the ruck. Yet people use the totalisator and back horses for a place. The least the Jockey Club can do is to ensure the public getting a square deal when they do so. Common sense and fairness demand it.

* * * *

There is the usual complaint that oysters are too dear, but they have never been really cheap and always more than less a luxury. The Romans so regarded them before the Christian era and if in A.D. 1273 they cost but a halfpenny a hundred, a halfpenny then meant money, for an English penny weighed 22½ grams troy of silver

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

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HOURS IN UNDRESS: I. The Social Heritage By LAURIE MAGNUS.
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and halfpennies were formed by cutting the penny into two pieces, the penny being marked with a cross, as a guide for division, if necessary, into four parts. But eggs were then 3½d. the great hundred, or 120, and butter 6d. a gallon, sheep a shilling each and meat a farthing per pound, and the payment for a man, cart and two horses for agricultural purposes a farthing's worth of bread for the first day and a meal worth three halfpence for the second.

* * * *

Then the whale and the porpoise were choice dishes and porpoise served with bread-crumbs and vinegar was a royal dish. Thirty years ago "Royals" from Whitstable were sold for 36 shillings a hundred, which is about as cheap as "natives" ever were. It is only fair to say, for the benefit of those who do not know, that a good deal of labour is involved in the examination and selection of natives for the market. Each oyster is carefully cleansed from its excrescences, a process unknown to any of the cheaper brands of foreign oysters.

* * * *

At the Savoy Grill I came across the following delightful luncheon menu

Oysters in ice with a squeeze of lemon.
Cold grouse or partridge.
Salad.
Sliced peaches and oranges with a dash of Maraschino.

Hock is in demand as the best wine to emphasize the true oyster flavour, with Chablis and Graves as good seconds, but Champagne, once a favoured accompaniment, is much less in vogue.

Correspondence

The Rise of Our Present Democracy

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Cecil Austen tells me in your Review that Dr. Johnson said: "Public affairs vex no man." I dare say the remark was very well when it was made; but that fine old Tory would have a very different remark to make had he lived to see 4s. 6d. in the pound income tax, supplemented by confiscatory super-taxes and death duties.

The man who is not "vexed" by such inflictions must of course be one of those millions of voters who pay no income tax and no death duties but who are subsidised out of these levies.

In all this crushing of those who have anything to be taxed, for the benefit of the millions of untaxed voters, Mr. Cecil Austen says he "detects a spiritual regeneration"—a beautiful phrase for a policy of taking hard cash from one class and giving it to another!

Mr. Austen's concluding sentence runs as follows: "The measure of equality which democracy has brought teaches us that we are no longer the recipients of that class tradition, which the Honourable Stephen Coleridge has so irregularly defined, but heirs of a nation's history and fellow citizens in the British Empire."

I must say I am diverted by Mr. Austen's idea of the "equality which democracy has brought us," when only one class pay any income tax at all, and the other class are the "recipients," not of anything so honourable as a fine "tradition," but of the savings of the thrifty and the capital of the enterprising; and as for democracy teaching us anything about the British Empire, our own democracy is throwing away that Empire which those with fine traditions created.

Yours faithfully,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

Bunrannoch House,
Kinloch-Rannoch,
Perthshire.
September 9, 1930.

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The Hon. Stephen Coleridge, in his article "The Rise of our Present Democracy," suggests a way of obtaining better representation and a saner system of government.

By doing so he recommends a return, in a measure, to the system devised by our forefathers who, as my father used to say, taught us all we have ever known (and much we have forgotten) about Democratic Government. I refer to the system of breaking the community up into associations which send their delegates to a succession of higher assemblies, and thus form an intimate connection between the

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FROM ALL HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERS

legislative body and the people.

It might be of some interest to know that Lord Robert Montagu, in a speech on "The Queen and Constitution," made in the House on May 13, 1879, pointed out how our form of government was being practically altered without the consent of the people, and the evils arising from the changes. Owing to the uproar that ensued he was unable to finish his speech, but it was published as a pamphlet afterwards.

In a book, "A Mirror in America," published in 1861, he attacked our system of Party Government, and I have read much in the last few years in your REVIEW to corroborate his strictures.

He also, in some of his writings, showed how the assimilation of ancient philosophies, by Clerics and Laics, from very early ages, had resulted in a confusion between Pagan theories and Christian tenets, which, though on the surface seemingly compatible, were essentially antagonistic. While the Christian teaching was individualistic, the Pagan Philosophies inevitably led to ideas of equality and the Divine Right of the People and to Communism.

Yours, etc.,

c/o M. S. H. MONTAGU.
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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
OCTOBER, 1930.

Current Comments

The German Elections

THE German Elections have been described as sensational. This is the usual epithet reserved by the popular Press for something which every clear observer had anticipated. The flight from middle-class Parliamentarianism is neither more nor less vigorous in Germany than it is in Russia, in Italy, and in Spain. It is equally vigorous here, but conditions make it inevitable that its effects should be delayed. To talk of this wide European movement as reactionary, when its leaders happen not to be Socialists or Jews, is as absurd as to call it progressive, when its leaders are either the one, the other, or both. No one, whether Communist or Fascist, wishes to go back to irresponsible dynastic despotism or to the oligarchy of wealth or to the rule of an aristocracy of birth. Yet these were the systems prevailing in the pre-parliamentary epoch, and if the word "reaction" has any meaning left to it, only a movement harking back to one or other of these systems could properly be called reactionary. The really significant thing in Europe to-day is the absence of reaction, properly understood. The conventional representatives of oligarchy or irresponsible monarchy—the English Whigs and the German Monarchists for example—are unable to extract profit even from the catastrophic decline in the prestige of Parliament. The leader of the German Fascists, like the Italian Dictator, is a man of the people, and his hostility to Communism is based, not on the desire to maintain the privileges of one class, but to deny a fresh set of privileges to another class.

Nationalism Reappears

THE reason why Fascism is suspect in advanced circles is not, of course, wholly that it is a challenge to middle-class intellectualism. It is quite absurd to deny that both in Italy and in Germany it derives a lot of its strength from the

adherence of militant Nationalists whose aims are by no means always disinterested, if we adopt the broader European standpoint. The only defence we would make for Fascism on this score is that the existence at this date of militant Nationalism is the direct and inevitable result of the policy of wholesale compromise pursued by European statesmen since 1918. The pursuit of peace without honour breeds an actual suspicion of peace among honourable men, while the false promises of security so glibly proffered, so invariably falsified, have bred a deep hostility to post-war diplomacy in the minds even of the cynical and the least idealistic. Above all, the history of Europe since 1918 is the history of force triumphant. Turkey taught the first lesson, Ireland the second, Poland the third. Everywhere the same policy. In the name of justice, liberty, and peace the spokesmen of Parliaments have devoted their energies to preaching, with the maximum of unction, those principles which it cost nothing to defend and abandoning with unseemly haste those which it might be troublesome to practise. It is inevitable that the great and growing disgust at these tactics should rebuild Nationalistic feeling, often in a regrettable form. It is equally inevitable that such feeling should seek for expression in the support of those forces most directly challenging the supremacy of the middle class. Evidence for the correctness of this analysis is to be found in Russia, where one of the strongest supports to the Communist Party dictatorship is the recrudescent Imperialism of Russia. Yet no one would be foolish enough to pretend that Communism in itself is allied to militarism.

"Saving Parliamentary Government"

I WROTE last month that the motto of our front-bench politicians to-day appeared to be

> "Let laws and learning, art and commerce die,
> But spare Gladstonian democracy."

It is amusing to find the same forces at work in Germany, where, as the result of Fascist and Communist gains, a frantic rush to the Centre is in progress. Protestants and Catholics, Jews and anti-

Semites, Revisionists and anti-Revisionists, big business and Socialism, all are ready to coalesce on the sacred cause of "saving Parliamentary Government." To what purpose? If representative institutions can only be saved by the sacrifice of the principles of the representatives who compose them, what useful purpose do they serve? The answer, of course, is that the real purpose of Parliaments is to serve the interests who finance the politicians and the Press on which they depend. These interests may be industrial, commercial, or labour, but the revolt from Parliamentary Government is the revolt against the domination of interests as such. It may be an ill-judged revolt; it is arguable that the prosperity of a country may be so bound up with, say, the prosperity and security of skilled labour, or the prosperity of the banks, or the prosperity of the primary industries, that all other sections of the community must subordinate their own welfare to that end. But when these other sections find that in fact they are getting poorer, or that their country is suffering in prestige, or in the respect of other nations, as the result of the policy pursued, they will in the end rebel and demand a new policy which shall serve the nation as a whole, and not any particular interest or group. When that rebellion becomes vocal, Parliaments tremble in the balance; when it becomes active, they fall.

The Constitutional Problem

We make no excuse for this incursion into political theory because the future of Parliamentarianism is the leading political question in the world to-day. It is highly significant that the Report of the Simon Commission should have thrown overboard the key principle of the English Constitution, which is the dependence of the executive on the legislature. It is equally significant that such a traditional Liberal as Mr. J. A. Spender should suggest that this principle, enshrined also in the German Constitution, is the real cause of the present deadlock in that country. All of which is only to say

that the inability of governments under the traditional Parliamentary system to govern is bringing the whole fabric of nineteenth-century Liberalism down in ruins, not, unfortunately, on the heads of its authors and their descendants, who have wisely migrated to the City, but on the heads of the humble, but too trusting, peoples of Europe.

The Egyptian Instance

In Egypt the same problem is urgent for settlement. The choice there is between a government which defies the constitution and an openly rebellious organization which is prepared to support it only on terms which must lead to foreign intervention. Our alleged "neutrality" as between these two alternatives is a humiliating pretence. The present minority government relies on force, and the force on which it relies is ours. At the moment our support is passive, but the real strength of Sidky Pasha's position lies in the knowledge that, the constitution being suspended, the Wafd can only dispossess him by force. The attempt to do so must provoke disorder, and the moment disorder begins, our intervention must be active. We cannot understand the world position to-day without understanding the real nature of this constitutional problem which, though it throws up a limitless variety of crises in countries as various as Australia, Egypt, India, Germany, and Italy, is fundamentally the same everywhere. It is the problem of offering effective resistance to dominant interests without sacrificing them to other interests. It is easy to sacrifice Egyptian nationalism to cosmopolitan business interests; it was still easier, for a while, to sacrifice the primary industries of Australia as milch-cows to Australian Trade Unionism; just as it was easy to sacrifice British agriculture to British industry in the nineteenth century, and British industry to British finance in our own time. But these solutions breed in their season a fresh set of grievances. Furthermore, new interests arise which must be bought off "if Parliamentary Government is to survive"; and the time comes when the price is too high, or when the interest in question is too sectional for the surrender to be decently made.

CURRENT COMMENTS

The Bromley By-election

THE Bromley by-election is easily referred to the same formula as the German elections. The large poll of Lord Rothermere's candidate is not a vote against Mr. Baldwin but "a plague on all your parties." Owing to the confused and amateurish methods of the United Empire Party, the revolt under that leadership will not attain serious proportions. It is more probable that it will continue for the present to express itself negatively in wholesale abstention from the polls. But only for the present. Unless Parliament can bring itself to tackle the unemployment problem, which means reducing expenditure, removing all incentives to idleness, restoring past incentives to thrift among all classes, and imposing heavy taxes on luxury expenditure by all classes, the revolt against their cowardly inactivity will become active. We have already seen the beginnings of the usual "Parliamentary" reaction to such a situation. Coalition is in the air. With India as a stalking horse, the politicians are beginning to murmur, and may soon be wailing in chorus, that they, and they alone, can see us through, and that they are prepared to sink all differences if only they are allowed to retain office. The duty of Conservatives in these circumstances is to resist all efforts at coalition, to assert their principles uncompromisingly, and to support their leaders unswervingly as long as they do the same. Otherwise the impending emergency will see a new alignment of parties, perhaps as new as that which has taken place in Germany.

The B.B.C. Protest

WE referred in our August number to certain broadcast "talks" by Professor Macmurray on Morality. My attention was called too late to the anonymous rejoinders in the B.B.C.'s organ—*The Listener*. The tenor of their reply was indignant but confused. The writer was apparently under the impression that the validity or otherwise of Professor Macmurray's teaching on ethics was the point at issue. So far as we are aware, the interest in this topic is not very great, and certainly not to readers of this REVIEW. It is interesting to learn that the Professor is a great admirer of portions of the ethical

teaching of Christ, and that he is strongly opposed to the materialistic tendencies of to-day. But what has this to do with the complaint made in their columns and elsewhere? I do not for a moment doubt the sincerity of Mr. Maxton, and I know that he is a man of the highest integrity, but for all that it would be a scandal if he were allowed to deliver a series of talks on political economy of an admittedly educational character, if no suggestion were made that he was representing an unorthodox view, and if orthodox economists were refused a hearing. Professor Macmurray himself claims to represent, if we understand him rightly, a certain school of protestantism, but it would be interesting to know how far the extracts we quoted last month commend themselves to the Archbishop of York, to the Bishop of Durham, or to the Bishop of Chichester.

The Case Goes by Default.

PLAINLY the case, not against Professor Macmurray but against the B.B.C., goes by default. The only defence urged was that the professor *was* a professor, whereas the only point at issue was what he was professing. The idea that because a man happens to hold an appointment at London University, it is proper to allow him not to express his personal views (which every one of his critics respects, and in which they are all interested) but to deliver a series of instructional talks, without reference to the nature of the instruction given, is absurd. When the subject in question is morality, the absurdity has its serious side. The quotations which we gave in our August number were the following :—

> To express oneself freely and spontaneously, and realize oneself—that *is* to be a good man or woman.
>
> Anything is free when it realizes its own proper nature spontaneously . . . it follows that, for us, to be free and to be moral are one and the same thing.
>
> Instead of saying that any freedom is bad which is against morality, we ought to say that any morality which is against freedom is a bad morality.
>
> There is no such thing as a moral law, and the idea of obedience has no place in morality.
>
> We tell people that there is a moral law and that they ought to obey it . . . to do that is to attempt to destroy their freedom.

None of these quotations is a paradox, and none of them is violent. They are carefully worded statements of a point of view which the professor expounded with great force and subtlety in the two talks from which I quoted. The one and only complaint is that the professor's point of view leads him to conclusions which are inacceptable to the overwhelming majority of Christians. The Christian tradition may be wrong and the Professor may be nearer to Christ's teaching than Aquinas or Calvin, than Augustine or Thomas More, than Rome or Canterbury. But it is not the function of the B.B.C. to assume this. If a choice were necessary (which it is not) we hazard the guess that even the most ardent protestants would prefer to see morality defined from the Chair of Peter than from the Chair of the Grote Professor in London University. For if ever there were pronouncements *ex cathedra*, they were those of the Professor. He hinted no doubts; he hesitated no dislikes. For our part we respect such an attitude, but not on Savoy Hill.

The Coming Session

THE prospects for the new session are as anxious for the Opposition as for the Government. Indian affairs will be the dominant consideration, and Mr. Baldwin may well find himself faced with the unpleasing alternative of acquiescing in a bad settlement in order to preserve an unbroken front or of seeing the Conference fail. There is much irresponsible talk going on about our duty to India and about the danger to peace which comes from the expression of too definite views. It is well to remember that the present situation is conditioned, if not actually created, by the irresponsibility of the left-wing parties in this country. It is the utterance of loose if amiable phrases about India's future which has raised hopes which the very people who gave voice to such pious sentiments recognize to be impossible of fulfilment. However provocative the tone of some of our "die-hards," it is not they but their political opponents in this country who have done the most harm, not only in India but in America. Mr. Edward Thompson has done good service both in the United States and in his *Times* articles in endeavouring to clear up current miscon-

ceptions about our attitude to India, but no real understanding of the position is possible abroad so long as our responsible politicians are occupied in talking about Dominion status and equal partnership at one moment, and denying the possibility of either at another. The incurable shiftiness and sloppiness of our own statesmen are the fundamental reason why we are facing the Indian crisis without the sympathy or understanding of other nations.

The Nemesis of Good Intentions

THIS shiftiness and sloppiness come, we do not doubt for a moment, from an excess of good intentions. The business of statesmen is not, however, to save their own souls at the expense of the happiness of peoples. It is well that, in the language of Edmund Burke, "we should auspicate all our public proceedings on India with the ancient warning of the Church—*Sursum Corda*." It is, indeed, true that "magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom." But magnanimity does not consist in scorning the claims of the least vocal and cringing to those who shout the loudest, and it is to God and not the multitude that we should lift up our hearts. We have to find in India a compromise between the claims of race, the claims of creed, and the claims of government throughout a whole continent. That compromise can never be based on the formulæ of Western nationalism, any more than on the formulæ of nineteenth-century imperialism. The difference between the right and left-wing views is this: even the most extreme thinkers of the right realize both these facets of the truth: the thinkers of the left seem to realize only one of them. The strength and the behaviour of Indian nationalism are due quite as much to this unfortunate fact as to any inherent weaknesses of its own.

The Duty of the Conservative Party

THE duty of the Conservative Party in the circumstances is clear. It must insist, as it has the power to do, on a clear and precise definition of the problem. It must oppose *à outrance* any attempt to make the immediate settlement palatable by drawing on the future cheques which will inevitably be dishonoured. If, in

doing so, they bring about a political crisis, then that price must be paid in the interests of our reputation for good faith, which is sadly depreciated both in India and in America. Above all, let it be remembered that M. Briand's plea for a United States of Europe is a thousand times more practical than a plea for a United India, governed by an Indian Parliament. Yet there is no statesman, however irresponsible, who does not know that the United States of Europe is but a dream. If Englishmen, before they could be free, had to wait for the establishment of an European parliament, freedom would not be for us or for our children's children. India has to build her freedom within a framework compatible with the maintenance of government and the enforcement of even justice: without government and without justice there can be no liberty. To pretend otherwise is to run away from the problem, not to solve it.

The Unemployment Fund

THE payments out of the Unemployment Insurance Fund exceed the receipts at the time of writing by £600,000 a week. This figure is increasing. How much of this appalling waste is due to world causes, how much to the depression in coal trade, and the loss of our Eastern textile markets, and how much to our politicians is difficult to say. Whether our politicians propose to increase unemployment by more taxation and more economic waste in the form of unproductive expenditure, or to reduce it, is impossible to say. The Government's conversations with Mr. Lloyd George are ominously prolonged and it goes without saying that the adoption even in part of the Liberal unemployment programme would be the end of this country's chances of economic recovery. Even if a programme of public expenditure were accompanied by a drastic revision in the *conditions for obtaining* out of work benefit, by the abolition of out-relief, except in kind, and by a reduction in the *amount* of out-of-work benefit, the price would still be too high. The jam would be too expensive a gilding even for so salutary a pill. The reason is simple and cogent. It is useless to provide incentives to work without enabling manufacturers to employ. At the present rates of taxation,

let alone at increased rates, it does not pay our basic industries to produce.

WE do not need to remind our readers again of the real causes of unemployment, or of the appropriate remedies.

A Reconstruction Loan?

We are concerned more with an immediate political possibility. It is almost certain that even this Government must take some action to check the piling up of debt due to over-payments from a bankrupt fund. It is almost equally certain that this Government will be unwilling to take away with one hand without giving with the other. It is more than possible in the circumstances that they will confront the House of Commons with the alternative of a loan for unproductive purposes (to keep the Unemployment Fund going on its present basis) and a loan for "productive" purposes (Mr. Lloyd George's roads). They would salvage the Fund, in other words, on condition that they were given a blank cheque to "employ" somehow or other every man whom their salutary reforms deprived of his present benefits. And they might even, if Mr. Thomas had his way, pay the interest on the new loan out of a 10 per cent. "revenue" tariff.

A DIFFERENT and almost equally unprofitable policy has been mooted in other quarters. Unemployment Insurance,

Unemployment Insurance to be Extended?

it is said, must be made truly national; every employed person must be forced to contribute. In that way it is suggested that an enormous additional revenue could be obtained from people who would never claim on the Fund. This is, of course, simply a peculiarly dishonest measure of direct taxation and we should have been inclined to denounce it as too iniquitous for any government to propose, but for the cynical provisions of the last Unemployment Insurance Act. This Act extended the scheme to children, quite unashamedly, on the ground that their contributions would help the fund, and that they were unlikely to draw much out of it. Let us hope that on this occasion the Conservative Party will be warned in time. For the rest we can only say what we have said before. It is essential to place all insurance schemes

outside the control of Parliament, to limit the benefits to the actuarial value of the contributions, and to provide that the contributions are genuinely and increasingly derived from the beneficiaries.

The Imperial Conference

THE Imperial Conference will have assembled by the time these Comments appear, and we may then know how far the Government is prepared to go in "exploring avenues" for economic co-operation. They will not "bang and bolt the door" because they lack the virility for such tactics. We fear, however, that they will indulge in the game of formula-finding, and waste an opportunity for the serious discussion of Lord Beaverbrook's scheme. We have always said that, if it is to be judged as a panacea, Empire Free Trade must be condemned. That is not to say that immediate and calculable benefits cannot be obtained by trade agreements with the Dominions based on reciprocal *hundred per cent.* preferences. It is the manifest duty of the party in power to ascertain what, along these lines, would be conceded and what would be expected in return. No political party is prejudiced by such an enquiry, but the present Government will be finally discredited if it refuses to make the enquiry. It is along these lines that the Conservative Party can usefully and fairly press Mr. Thomas and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

Ashridge Bonar Law College

THE more our post-war problems show themselves intractable to the solutions of post-war politicians, the more clear it is that we are suffering in our political action from a lack of the correct first principles. We live, indeed, in an age of blind faith to which only the darkest of the dark ages affords a parallel. All modern political thought is *a priori*, and in this respect resembles exactly mediæval science. We start with so many "dogmas" that there is no scope left for free enquiry, while every possibly fruitful line of experiment is closed in advance. We have the "dogma" of progress, the "dogma" of the perfectibility of man by education, the "dogma" of an expanding productivity as the result

of scientific methods applied to industry, the "dogma" of representative government (on a geographical basis) as the keystone of democracy, and finally, the "dogma" of self-expression as the condition of happiness. To submit these "dogmas" to criticism of a scientific kind is as necessary to-day as it was in the middle ages to test the prevalent *a priori* assumptions about the planets. Yet in England we lag far behind. Only too often it is precisely on these fundamental points that, as the cant phrase goes, "all men, irrespective of party, are agreed." It is good in the circumstances to know that at Ashridge, the Bonar Law College, there has been established a school where political questions of the broadest kind are discussed without preconceptions. This school is run quite openly as a training centre of Conservative speakers and students. It does not pretend to be "non-party," but it does claim to promote free thinking and the spirit of critical enquiry into modern problems. The Conservative party is not free from the tyranny of facile dogmas, but it is going the best way to curing itself of them by developing and supporting such an institution as Ashridge.

Test Matches Past and Present

THE cricket season has ended with the England XI pretty well as discredited as the English Government. After Nottingham they never looked like a winning side, and it is clear that the next visit to Australia will see a new team in the field. Unfortunately, we have discovered only two new players of Test Match quality—an Indian and a Scot, and both amateurs who may be unable to make the trip. It is unfortunate that the South African tour has not been utilized to try out more new players or to provide a new captain with experience. The days of non-effective captains went with three-day test matches. Yet captaincy, if an art, is an acquired art. It is often said in the Press that Mr. Chapman's influence in the field was worth all the runs he failed to make, but the England team under his leadership was certainly not up to the standard set by Sussex or Gloucestershire in the field, and if the material was denied him, he should have insisted on changes. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Notes from Paris

By Roland Atkinson

The German Shock.—All the other happenings of the month almost instantaneously faded from French minds when the results of the German elections came over the wires. There are writers—some who are even supposed to be reasonable writers—who have endeavoured to persuade sections of the British reading public that France was not really taken by surprise, that some such results were anticipated and that possibly they might have been worse. Well, there is, no doubt, the element of truth in this that some French correspondents in Germany did say that the Hitler Group would secure gains, but it is frequently the case with election forecasts that the actual results bring as vast a surprise as if the subject had never been previously mentioned. That was so in this instance, and not only was the French public surprised, but it received a violent shock. When the Paris Press had "enlightened" it by comments on all the possible implications, it was startled.

War Visions Again.—To be faced with visions of war while pottering politicians are still engaged in trying to straighten out the entanglements of the recent slaughterings, is a blow to the ordinary French citizen. Much more so than is often realized in England, where the mistake is made of judging the mentality of the average Frenchman by the bellicose notes of the Paris Press, or the flame-throwing speeches of Nationalist orators. The Frenchman who is really representative of the nation desires peace ardently, for the war was brought home to him more closely than it was anyone else, however much the after-war problems may have seemed to spare him. He does not wish to be engaged in war again. So it may easily be imagined how staggered he was when told that the triumph of the "Nazis" at the German polls was the herald of another war. And that is what he was informed by the bulk of the Paris Press. The Nationalist organs announced this bluntly from the start, the Liberal journals voiced an alarm which gave the same impression, and even *Le Temps*, which is supposed to weigh its words as carefully as a responsible statesman, declared, "The parties which are now powerful in Germany want war." The Frenchman, reading this con-

sensus of opinion on the part of his nominal guides, has obviously cause for worry.

Reactionaries' Danger.—Happily for him enters the fact that the Paris Press is exaggerating its estimates of the situation, in many cases unconsciously, no doubt. The article of *Le Temps* previously mentioned is, one feels, an example of this, and is worth more than ordinary attention because it illustrates the manner in which French readers are frequently led into misapprehensions by the attaching of two sets of values—where only one should be employed—by a writer whose judgment is coloured, probably unintentionally, by his inability to think other than nationally. The author is replying to an article in *La République,* which asked, "Why should our reactionaries of the Right be alarmed because of the progress of the German Right?" and then concluded, rather soundly, "In Germany as in France reaction is a permanent danger for the peace of the world." At this *Le Temps* is painfully shocked, and its obvious sincerity shows how difficult it is to get an unbiassed view in Paris of Franco-German quarrels.

No Difference.—The leading journal of France cannot conceive that French Nationalists can possibly be regarded as being of a similar make-up to German Nationalists. With exclamation marks to emphasize its astonishment, it says the *République* "makes no difference between our compatriots . . . and the wild Pangermanists grouped around the Austrian adventurer" (Hitler.) Yet those Germans, it adds, "are adversaries of the Versailles Treaty, while the Frenchmen are its supporters; those Germans attack the statute of Europe born of the victory of Right, while the Frenchmen defend it; those Germans openly preach immediate war, while the Frenchmen cling desperately to the peace guaranteed by solemn international contracts."

One-Sided.—To the observer from another nation this sounds strangely one-sided. Even Hitler himself, one recalls, has said that he does not want war. What he does call for is the disappearance of the Treaty of Versailles and the Young Plan of Reparation Payments. But there is an obvious difference—to almost everybody save a Paris Diplomatic Correspondent—between a demand for the tearing up of a treaty when you are a party leader seeking for votes, and the securing of such an objective

after you have gained a certain amount of electioneering success—in this case limited to a strength which, even at the most, leaves the party and its allies in a minority. The *Temps* seems to imply that French Nationalists would fight solely to preserve peace whereas the German Nationalists would fight because they want war.

Burden of Defeat.—But it is not peace in the abstract that is really involved. The Treaty of Versailles and the Young Plan are regarded by Germans—quite naturally it will seem to an independent onlooker—as an intensely disagreeable burden which they have to bear because they lost the war. They would like to lighten the burden as speedily as possible with a view to getting rid of it altogether at the earliest opportunity. Citizens of most other nations would feel just like that. Nobody likes footing a bill, particularly under outside compulsion. But whether Hitler and his "Nazis" could persuade the millions of Germans who would be necessary to make a war of it, to fight for the scrapping of the Versailles Treaty and the Young Plan is a very different affair. Germans who represent the Moderate parties do not believe that they could. And this is perhaps as true as the fact that French citizens generally would be hard to persuade to fight for peace in the abstract.

Quietness, but Resolution.—The average Frenchman takes no more stock of the Versailles Treaty than does the average Englishman, whatever his politicians may say. He was told that under its provisions Germany would pay the war bill, but he has seen himself so heavily taxed that he has a feeling that taxes could not have been heavier in any event. It is not questions of this nature that would rouse Frenchmen to fighting pitch again. Should there be war, it is only likely, so far as France is concerned, over an attempt to seize territory; that is, an invasion of France. It is hardly probable that the Hitler bands would engage on anything like this. And if others should dream of it, they would be well advised to think as well as dream—to think twice, thrice, even a thousand times. For they should not mistake the quietness of France for unconcern or neglect. Under that quietness is resolution, watchfulness and preparation. She will not be surprised by anything or anybody. In fact, anyone who might think to surprise her might himself be surprised—and shattered.

Sink or Swim

By Ernest Remnant

POLITICIANS and the popular Press have robbed superlatives of their strength. Yet, none who think twice, or think at all, will regard as exaggerated the affirmation that the political and economic state of England is desperate.

No political crisis in the past has so closely touched the economic foundations of the country or the pocket and prospects of the individual. The most severe of commercial-industrial crises have been rightly regarded as transient, even if recurring, depressions, or as fatal in exceptional cases only to a section.

But there can be few carrying any responsibilities in industry who have not realized that the basic conditions which allowed recovery in the past have changed, that the very ground under their feet is cracking. For they are faced with an unholy triple alliance between politicians, trade unions and bureaucracy, in actual command of the executive and legislature, determined to impose upon the nation a false economic system under which the only escape from ultimate bankruptcy would be universal State slavery. There is, happily, little chance of the conspiracy succeeding, even within a generation, but it undoubtedly would in the end unless it were fought with far greater energy and spirit than has been shown by the Conservative Party since the War. Therefore, as that party seems likely to enter upon the next and most vital electoral contest weakened by internal divisions, and relying on palliatives rather than radical cures, the situation is undeniably desperate.

Let us consider, perforce in the barest outline, the nature of the ills from which we are suffering and the dangers by which we are threatened. Most of them, and chiefly unemployment, are embraced in the single statement that we have a serious adverse trade balance which must get worse unless we regain our competitive power, i.e. reduce our costs of production.* Politicians, ever prolific of cure-all catchwords, preach rationalization. It

* Referring to the drop of 25 per cent. in our exports for July, compared with July, 1929, Mr. Esmond Harmsworth made the vivid comment the other day that, if the next three Julys were to show similar falls, there would be no British exports at all by the summer of 1933.

is merely the trust, which but yesterday they furiously denounced, viewed from a more sympathetic angle. So far as it is a natural development it can proceed, as it was proceeding, without any help from politicians, whose interference can do nothing but harm. The sudden conversion of the Socialist Party is obviously due to recognition of the fact that wholesale rationalization would greatly facilitate their real object—nationalization. It is certain that the sound idea expressed by the word "rationalization" can be pushed both too fast and too far.

Costs of production consist mainly of raw materials, wages, taxes and public impositions of all kinds, transport and interest upon capital. How far do these give us a competitive position? Raw materials are roughly on a world level. Comparison of wages is complicated by other factors besides the money wage per hour, day or week. Individual efficiency, the total number of hours per working week and consequent effective use of plant, restrictive conditions of labour (possibly requiring the employment of 10 per cent. or more needless hands), must all be reckoned. Taking all these factors into account, it may fairly be stated that the British manufacturer is handicapped by a wage cost 50 per cent. above the average of his competitors.*

In the next item, taxes and public levies, including rates, unemployment insurance and contributions to social services, his handicap is at least 100 per cent. I do not forget the delusory De-rating Act. It cannot ultimately give any real relief while the total public expenditure and demands upon the community (in the long run industry) are as great as before, or greater. The whole elaborate contrivance is mere make-believe, certain to create endless litigation. Its cost in votes and paralysis of speakers at the General Election was disastrous.

We come to transport. It would be impossible to formulate any general and precise comparison with competitors' costs in this item. It is sufficient to state as a simple fact that the powerful unions, backed by

* Although both nominal and real wages are higher in America, on a computation of all the relative factors the British manufacturer is, nevertheless, at a disadvantage on the wage cost per unit of output.

political support and having a "sheltered" industry at their mercy, have succeeded in raising the cost of internal transport at least 25 per cent. above the fair level reckoned on the basis of unsheltered industry. It is useless to abuse railway managers and directors. They cannot help their high rates, and, indeed, it is only due to their efforts that the rapacity of the unions has not imposed even higher charges.

In the last item, interest upon capital, the British producer has certainly no advantage compared with his rivals. Any possible saving in rates of interest has been offset by the lower cost of building, plant and equipment abroad, due partly to lower cost of labour and material and partly to greater freedom from fussy regulations. But this item of interest upon capital includes the larger question of availability of capital. As the architects of the new social Paradise in Russia have discovered, capital is a shy bird. How much capital is available in England to-day for any new industry, or for any of the unsheltered industries, in the form of ordinary shares taking the ultimate risk? As I write, I read that Baron Schröder informed the shareholders of a powerful trust company that hardly any of its investments were in the basic industries, "as these are going through most troublesome times, with no improvement in sight." Yet rationalization does not consist merely in reorganization and closing down redundant plants; it involves often modernization on a large scale, requiring large capital.

Tariffs securing the home market, and thus both directly and indirectly opening the door to export markets, will certainly go far to facilitate the provision of capital. They will as certainly enable a proportion of our unemployed to be absorbed into industry. As it is inevitable that tariffs will be imposed, and soon, I will waste no words in urging their obvious benefits. That has been done *ad tædium*. I will content myself by comparing them with a remedy containing some poison and not without danger, which, intelligently applied, will save the patient's life. The danger is lest, the crisis passed, the patient should develop a preference for the poison rather than rely upon his natural strength. To appease the fervid Protectionist, let me say at once that, just as I have no doubt in a perfect and

"rationalized" world real Free Trade would prevail, so in a world of tariffs, a solitary free import island is an absurdity, as absurd as it would be to dispense with our Army, Navy and Police until armaments and crime have been universally abolished. For years, indeed, I have advocated stiff tariffs as the only means of excluding those who won't deal and getting nearer to Free Trade with those who will.

Our position, then, is that British industries are heavily handicapped by costs of production substantially higher than those of our effective competitors.

Unemployment is no longer an incident; it has developed into a galloping disease which must end fatally if it is not checked; capital is not available for industry, both because confidence is lacking and savings in recent years have been halved, while the only party in the State which even dimly perceives the causes of this dilemma, proposes a rational remedy as far as it goes, and abstains from proposals certain to aggravate the trouble, is weakened by dissensions arising entirely out of its feeble use of its last term of office, inability to make up its mind to a virile policy and a timorous clinging to "safety first." If anything still matters in England save a good time next week-end, surely a desperate state of affairs.

Let us examine the problem, first objectively, and then try to relate our conclusions to practical politics. Every consideration of political problems must be made in that order, for "practical politics" means the winning of votes, an object commonly incompatible with respect for the truth. Unemployment and excessive costs of production both result from the same causes, which may broadly be defined as attempts to substitute an artificial system based on sentiment for the unrestricted operation of natural law. These have demoralized labour, sapped the will to work, and multiplied enormously the burdens levied on industry. Now, as Nature is extremely unsentimental and, indeed, somewhat brutally addicted to horrid "sink or swim" methods, the sentimentalists who have nearly drowned this poor country in gush will at once exclaim that this view is "reactionary" or barbarous.*

Now I should be quite ready to stand trial on these

* "Nature forgives no debt and fears no grave."—*Matthew Arnold.*

accusations, even if it could be shown that escape from natural law was possible, but, of course, it is not; the most generous visions of vicarious philanthropy dissolve in the cold light of reason. Viewed in this light, there is no unemployment "problem" at all, if by "problem" we mean a question of which the solution presents difficulty. There is simply a large volume of unemployment, the existence of which is easily explained and the cure as easily indicated. The causes are twofold: those that proceed (a) in some degree or sense from unwillingness of the workers to work; and (b) from a reduced demand for labour; (a) is more important because it goes far to the inclusion of (b). Both are entirely artificial, self-imposed conditions.

The value of anything is what it will fetch, no more. Strange as it may sound to trade unions, this law applies equally to labour as to any other commodity. There is an obvious limit, therefore, to the value of labour, namely the value in open market of its product, less other incidental costs (tools, transport, interest, etc.). No unions, no legislation can ultimately defeat this economic law (just because it is a law). The most they can do is temporarily to evade it, as they have already to the grave injury of the community. They may fondly imagine that their experiments in false economics can not only be continued, but extended until two and two make six and water runs uphill. But the discovery is nearly due that they can only play in this pleasant Tom Tiddler's ground as long as either the savings of others, accumulated in the past, are available to provide the "gold and silver," or as other sections of the community shoulder the cost by reducing their standard of living. If the question presented itself in simple terms as a fight between the several sections of the manual workers for their fair share of the cake, it would be much nearer solution. Unfortunately, the worker in an unsheltered trade or a weak organization merely regards those sheltered ones whose unions have grabbed a larger slice as lucky fellows. He is only dimly becoming aware that the smaller size of his own slice is almost exactly proportioned to the excess secured by the protégés of Mr. J. H. Thomas and the other greedy ones.

His understanding of this truth is obscured and

delayed by the fact that apparently inexhaustible resources are available to provide him and his class with relief and social services of all kinds. He is never in the full sense of the words "up against it." Nature's bleak warning, "Sink or swim," may apply to kittens, but certainly never to the lucky possessor of a vote so valuable that even the Conservatives promise to keep him and his in cotton wool "from the cradle to the grave."

Now speaking as one with some knowledge of human nature in the rough, having roughed it myself as a youth in Australia and Tasmania, I assert without qualifications that, excluding cases calling for some form of compassionate help, public or private—injury, old age and illness—on the sink-or-swim basis *everyone will swim*. Every man's labour is worth at least his keep unless he is an incorrigible slacker. At certain times and places it may not, indeed, be worth more, but I know of no moral right whatever to remuneration for work done beyond its value, still less to maintenance without work. So we come back to the definition of value as what an article will fetch. If labour could be freely bought and sold all over the country on this basis, and if there were no public assistance other than in the cases mentioned above, and the barest of food rations to meet emergency and migration, I repeat that no one need starve. So far have we moved away in recent years from realities that I am sure some readers already see visions of vast multitudes of workless, dying of hunger like locusts in the desert. They forget that Nature has endowed those she thinks worth preserving with a strong instinct of self-preservation. They forget that throughout the country there is work waiting to be done at lower prices, but which, with inferior labour demanding full union rates, is simply not worth while. They forget that, as the first effect would be to reduce labour costs *generally*, this would result in a widening of enterprise, with increased commodity demand and power of absorption of labour. They forget, also, that such a return to realities would powerfully stimulate emigration, now at a low ebb because our carefully tended hot-house plants fear to catch a chill in the open air of the rough Dominions.

Only those can doubt this last statement who fail to realize the already disastrous effects of our dole and

social coddling system upon the nation, and especially the young, who regard it all as ordained by Providence, like the seasons. The evidence is overwhelming that character has been undermined and manual efficiency impaired by the demoralizing and ever-growing substitution of State help for self-help and individual responsibility.*

Many readers, also, may agree that the remedies I have indicated might result in the absorption of a great part of the unemployed, but doubt if the enforcement of such remedies is practicable. With the question how far they are practicable we come back to "practical politics."

I have attempted a realistic diagnosis. Just as, though most of us agree that Empire Free Trade is desirable, we shall have to take such instalments as may be proved practicable, let us see how much of the "Back to Nature" plan there is any prospect of putting into operation. We leave the study and go to the market-place. Here our calculations will continually be upset by a new factor, votes, which place us at a heavy disadvantage. For they are possessed equally by the intelligent and the rest (certainly the larger number), including even the illiterate and unteachable. Now, so far as our appeal appears to imply a voluntary sacrifice for the good of the community, we may as well save our breath. Far too few would respond. Our difficulty is that the unintelligent majority will be incapable of understanding that the proposed new conditions involve no real sacrifices at all.

For what concessions do we ask?

1. That every man shall be allowed to sell his labour for what it will fetch.

2. Consequently, that the arbitrary imposition of cast-iron conditions, both on employers and employed, by the trade unions be ended.

3. That the unemployment insurance system and doles be abolished. Their place to be taken by a voluntary insurance with the Friendly Societies, or perhaps, for union members, compulsory contribution to a union fund, workers only contributing. These funds being

* *Vide* "The British Lazzaroni," by the Bishop of Durham, THE ENGLISH REVIEW, July.

exhausted or not available (to non-unionists), public assistance to be limited to a bare food ration.

Far from involving any real sacrifice to the honest workers, the result of such conditions would be to raise the status and reward of all the best elements amongst them. It would certainly reduce to their proper level of insignificance a great many of the union officials unless they found genuine methods of making themselves useful. It would also undoubtedly place in their right category those indifferent and dishonest workers who by slacking have defrauded the community with the aid of their unions. But the good worker would come into his own. Both in security of employment and rate of pay he would score over his lazy or inferior fellow.

Thus not only would he directly benefit, but production would be speeded up, production costs would fall, consumption and exports would be stimulated, *real wages would rise all round.**

Here, of course, is the root of the matter: real wages. Burdened as we are with sterile public expenditure on relief and social services, it is a wonder that the poor pound sterling is still worth a little more than half its purchasing power before the War. Yet "Labour," the unions and the Socialist Party generally still have their eyes glued to the token of 20s. as the standard unit rather than upon its purchasing power. And their ideas of finance and "remedial measures" would infallibly reduce that relative purchasing power to 5s. in a very short time.†

It is equally certain that any improvement in real wages, in the purchasing power of money, can only be effected in strict ratio to the extent of adoption of the measures I have outlined. In no other way can the giant, unemployment, be laid low. In no other way can savings

* I cannot refrain in passing from asking the reader to ponder the eugenic effect of all this in a generation or two; encouragement to multiply families of the desirable type; discouragement of the undesirable; reversal of the present system.

† It may be, if all else fails, that only this way salvation lies. The other equation is complicated or obscured by the intervention of the War. The halving of the *present* purchasing power of the pound as the result of a majority Socialist Government would bring the mysteries of currency to kindergarten level. Not a very high order of intelligence is needed to grasp the difference between a sixpence that would buy ten cigarettes and one that will buy only five.

be restored to their pre-War volume and ample capital thus be made available for industrial development. It is the only road to lasting prosperity.

"Perhaps," the politician will agree, "this may be all very well as a counsel of perfection, or as a programme for a dictator, but how could you ever carry such a policy by a free vote?" I should say that there was no chance of carrying the whole of such a policy at one fell swoop unless the country had been shaken to its very foundations by the cataclysm that would inevitably result from a few short years of Socialist adventures in finance, industry and taxation. But, after all, that is not the way we do things in England. Only the Latin mind indulges in pure logic, tries hastily to apply it, and often comes to grief in the process. We compromise and try again. Far, however, from such principles standing any chance of early realization, they have not yet even found an official sponsor, and I fear they are much too realist for the Conservative Central Office, which would probably call them "reactionary." Well, they are right, or they are wrong. I hope it will not be necessary to wait for time to prove them right. We can only begin by proclaiming the truth, and the pages of this REVIEW are open to critics.*

I have left myself little space to deal with those proposals of the Conservative Party which they certainly will carry if they are returned, and which are indeed the head and front, if not the whole, of their policy. These are protective tariffs on manufactures (let us drop the hypercritical "safeguarding") and help for Agriculture. As to food taxes, I believe that had Mr. Baldwin bluntly announced, without "hedging" or talk of a Referendum, that if, and only if, adequate reciprocal advantages could be secured, he would give the Dominions first call on our markets by an import quota in respect of all foodstuffs they could already supply in sufficient quantity and at world-level of price, he could have left the various crusaders to the enjoyment of their Welsh revivalist methods of preaching the gospel of Empire Free Trade. The industrial north is not yet willing to accept food

* Australia provides a clear object lesson; *vide* "The Communist Offensive in Australia," by F. A. W. Gisborne, ENGLISH REVIEW, July, and current cables.

taxes. The quota, adjustable in the event of shortage or appreciable rise above world-price, should serve all purposes. This principle of safeguard against inefficiency or exploitation of price, advocated by Mr. Oliver Stanley in the Fiscal Debate on March 13, has actually been embodied in the latest Canadian Tariff Act and will be put into effect by simple Order-in-Council.

In spite of deplorable divisions, the Conservative Party will almost certainly come back and carry these measures. That should be easy, because the country is waiting impatiently for the quick relief they will surely bring. Confidence will be restored, trade will improve. Capital will flow back into the channels of industry. Unemployment figures will begin to fall. The politicians, having chosen the easy path, will claim to have saved England. They will have done nothing of the kind, unless they regard these easy operations as the protective screen thrown up to cover the more difficult movements described earlier in this article.

If I thought that a Machiavelli directed the counsels of the Conservative Party, I would forgive him, in his struggle with universal suffrage, for putting the tariff and Empire policy first and not saying much about the rest until he was in power. But the greatest good of the tariffs, even greater than their direct advantage, should be in the help they would afford to carry a large measure of the needed reforms in respect of conditions and remuneration of labour, public assistance and consequent reduction of the burdens on industry and taxation generally. Tariffs would provide timely shelter for many who without them would come near to perishing during the bleak season of transition and adjustment. Being given a little start, their operation would, in fact, largely reduce the numbers of temporary victims of reform. In a hundred ways they would temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

But it would be foolish to ignore the fact that, whatever welcome advantages tariffs may bring, they are a danger in so far as they offer to the trade unions, the champions of uneconomic labour, a means of stabilizing the grossly uneconomic conditions they have already imposed upon the community. Unless, therefore, tariffs are accompanied by rationalization of labour conditions,

social service and other burdens on industry, our last state will be worse than our first. I fear the politicians, *et dona ferentes*. By offering gifts they hope to be allowed to take the easy path.

To superimpose a tariff upon a false foundation of labour conditions without making a determined effort to amend them would be like lending money to an insolvent business without insisting upon its reorganization. No banker would be so foolish, merely in order to stave off the ultimate collapse, but it would be in the classical tradition of politics, as distinct from statesmanship.

The poor politicians are not wholly to blame. They have to play the game according to the rules. The first rule, submission to the supposed wishes and wisdom of a universal electorate, makes a farce of politics and excludes statesmanship. If, however, politicians are subject to the farcical conditions existing, they cannot escape censure for having failed to attempt any amendment of those conditions. The late Conservative Government, indeed, not only lost what may yet prove to have been the last chance of reforming and strengthening the House of Lords as a real defence against the ignorance and greed of the proletariat, but actually completed the final stage of universal suffrage by adding over five million young women to the register.

Let me ask those of my readers who doubt if our electoral and parliamentary system is really as bad as all this to consider the reforms I have urged in the earlier part of this article as a crucial test. No economist or industrialist will question their necessity as a first condition of economic health and general prosperity. If they are not straightway adopted by the Conservative Party and enforced by them if returned to power, is it not clear that, so long as we are ruled by the votes of an ignorant and mostly misguided majority, the cheap sugar and water of the quack will always be preferred to the expensive and unpalatable truth of the physician? And this is the measure of the futility of universal suffrage.

What, then, is the conclusion? If economic health cannot be restored without radical reforms, and if democracy, in its ignorance, its greed and its incompetence will have none of them, are we doomed to decay and

dissolution? I should fear the answer of science and of history. But those who thought they could discern signs of national degeneration before the War discovered that the old British spirit only needed the call. Will it respond to another? Can it even hear the call? Again I confess I am afraid. The call to arms was to the most primitive instinct of man. The call to greater effort and renunciation of material gains, the more so because they are as stolen fruit, must reach the intelligence as well as the conscience. Democracy and the Socialist Party have yet to prove that they possess either. And who can pretend that there has not been a decline of the national spirit since the war? How else could a lot of defeatists, several of whom, in a less sophisticated age, would have been shot for high treason during the War, be allowed to govern England, and have received a flattering welcome from a majority of the Press? How else could an anti-British organization like the League of Nations Union daily fill halls all over the country in which neither audiences nor speakers would have been recognizable as English even twenty years ago? How else would the flagrant bias of the B.B.C. be tolerated? Where are the national leaders who might stop the rot? The aristocracy did its duty and paid the heaviest toll in the War. But since? Have the War and penal taxation finished it? Has it run to seed? Parliament, it is true, is increasingly held in contempt, but does the country, does even the Conservative Party, look for leadership to the aristocracy? And the only protection of democracy against itself is strong and quite undemocratic leadership. National crises in Italy, Spain and France lately produced saviours in Mussolini, Primo de Rivera and M. Poincaré, each of whom derived half or more of his power to impose his will from the very crisis that called him forth. No one familiar with the conditions of those countries immediately before their deliverance from parliamentary chaos would suggest that, allowing for difference of national temperament, conditions in England were yet as desperate or that the English people in a national crisis would be more difficult to lead.

The conclusion, therefore, is that if, as is popularly supposed, the occasion brings the man, it is still more certain that the severity of the crisis alone can give him

strength to burst the bonds of democratic parliamentarianism and to rule. And so it matters little if we do not see our man, since the occasion has not yet arisen. (It may be near in Australia.) Nor, indeed, is it likely to arise for a few years. The more probable course of events is a Conservative Government in power early next year, tariffs and a few half-hearted attempts at economy, a return of some degree of confidence and prosperity—in fact, a respite. Whatever the result of the three-party committee now sitting on unemployment relief, the next Conservative Government, irrespective of its majority, cannot avoid some effort to put this on a sounder basis. The more thorough the reform, the stronger will be the position of employers in the ultimately inevitable struggle with "organized labour," just beginning in Australia, which we may look for perhaps five years hence. It is unlikely that any drastic readjustments will be effected meanwhile. The resort to surgery is only when it can no longer be avoided, sometimes too late. But England and some parts of the Empire need only minor operations to regain full vigour and prosperity and to realize an Imperial destiny greater than given to any race. If the omens are gloomy, if the teaching of history and science points to pessimism, it is well to remember that, though Nature forgives no debt, we may be wrong in our reckoning. The balancing of our national account in accordance with economic law may prove easier than we think and would, indeed, quickly give us new health.

Let me point the moral with a recent experience. I was called upon to arrange for a serious and urgent operation in London on a person with whom I am closely associated. At the last moment the eminent surgeon refused to operate on the ground that careful tests, worked out to "damned dots," showed that the patient could not survive the operation. This, of course, was sentence of death. I took the condemned man across the Channel, where a courageous provincial doctor dismissed the tests and the decimals with "Medicine is not mathematics! The calculation is, no doubt, correct, but they have taken into account neither the skill of the surgeon nor the will of the patient. The operation must be done here immediately."

It was, and the patient is alive and well.

The Growth of the Movement for Empire Preference

By the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P.

THE conception of the British Empire as an economic unit goes back to the earliest beginnings of the Empire itself. Already in 1575 we find Sir Humphrey Gilbert advocating exploration and colonization for the trade and shipping that would be created, and both Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh were deeply imbued by the same idea. A little later Sir John Harrington set it forth in his "Oceana," a vision of the ideal future of a greater Britain, which he described in his dedication to Cromwell as "a Commonwealth for increase, and upon the mightiest foundation that any has been laid from the beginning of the world to this day." A complete Imperial policy, political, defensive and economic, was summed up for us during the next two centuries in the historic watchwords—"ships, colonies and commerce." That policy was based, as was inevitable at the time, on direct control of colonial trade and shipping by Great Britain, a control exercised primarily in the interests of the Mother Country, but also no less consciously in the interest of the colonies themselves. To quote the language of an eighteenth-century colonial Governor, Sir Thomas Pownall: "In the establishing of colonies a nation creates people whose labour, being applied to new objects of produce and manufacture, opens up new channels of commerce by which they live in ease and affluence themselves, but while they are labouring under and for the Mother Country become an increasing nation of appropriated and good customers to the Mother Country."

Whatever incidental defects the old mercantile system may have had in narrowness and rigidity of interpretation, there can be no doubt of its success. Under it Britain built up for herself a position in trade and shipping that converted her from the poor and backward country, described by Macaulay in a striking chapter in his "History," at the end of the seventeenth century, to the prosperous great power that held its own for a generation against revolutionary and Napoleonic France. Burke notes that the exports to the West Indian and North American colonies went up from under £500,000 in 1704 to nearly £5,000,000 in 1772, and even these figures hardly do justice to the transformation of our internal

economic structure brought about by a purely complementary trade which added so greatly to the resources at our disposal. Yet the development of the American colonies themselves was even more amazing. When one considers the means of transportation of those days, and then reflects that the population of the colonies grew in a little over a century to nearly three millions, as large a population relative to that of the Mother Country as the whole white population of all the Dominions is to-day, one realizes what a powerful engine for the creation of prosperity and population our old imperial economic policy proved itself. Burke pointed out that if the colonies were subjected to a monopolist control—"Their monopolist happened to be one of the richest men in the world. By his immense capital (primarily employed not for their benefit, but his own) they were enabled to proceed to their fisheries, their agriculture, their shipbuilding (and their trade, too, within the limits) in such a manner as got far the start of the slow languid operations of unassisted nature. This was a hotbed to them. Nothing in the history of mankind is like their progress."

In a sense the policy was too successful, for the growth of the colonies in all that constituted a prosperous self-confident national life outstripped the capacity of our constitution and of our national temper at home to adapt themselves to the new situation. But the policy was not itself the cause of the American secession, as Burke was never weary of pointing out. The Declaration of Rights, drawn up at Philadelphia, just before the outbreak of the Revolution, declared: "From the necessity of the case, and in regard to the mutual interest of both countries, we cheerfully consent to the operation of such Acts of the British Parliament as are bona fide restrained to the regulation of our external commerce for the purpose of securing the commercial advantages of the whole Empire to the Mother Country and the commercial benefits of its respective members." What caused the Revolution was not the regulation of colonial trade, but the attempt to invade what was regarded as the rightful sphere of the colonial legislatures by the imposition of direct taxation.

The old colonial economic policy was not abandoned after the American secession, but at the beginning of the nineteenth century was gradually modified into a policy of mutual preference. In 1823, that great advocate of sane Free Trade, Huskisson, opened the colonial trade

to foreign countries, subject to the imposition of moderate duties, ranging from 7 to 15 per cent., from which British goods were exempt. As against these, the colonies enjoyed substantial preferences on their products, such as timber, wheat, sugar and wine. Under that policy Britain's new colonial empire began to make rapid strides. To give a single figure, very significant in the light of after-events, British migration to Canada, between 1815 and 1840, amounted to a total of 532,000, against 458,000 to the United States. It is an interesting speculation to think what might have been the progress of the Empire under Huskisson's policy of practically Free Trade within the Empire and moderate duties against the outside world, if it had only been given a few more years' trial, and so had received the credit, which so undeservedly went to Cobden, for the great expansion which followed the Californian and Australian gold discoveries.

Unfortunately, Peel capitulated to the theorists just before the great revival which would have deprived their policy both of its appeal and of its apparent justification. The colonies were the first to suffer, for English agriculture remained unaffected for a generation. This was more than a mere incidental hardship inflicted for the sake of a theory. Cobden and his associates were deliberately out to break up the Empire. "The colonial system," wrote Cobden in 1842, "with all its dazzling appeals to the passions of the people, can never be got rid of except by the indirect process of Free Trade, which will gradually and imperceptibly loose the bonds which unite our colonies to us by a mistaken notion of self-interest."

As a matter of fact, there was nothing very gradual or imperceptible in the strain imposed on colonial loyalty. The promising development of the colonies received a sudden and disastrous check. For Canada the abolition of the Corn Laws was an absolute catastrophe, and for some years the entire financial, agricultural and industrial interests of Canada were paralysed, while the United States took full advantage of the new opening afforded to them. It was in vain that the Governor, Lord Elgin, protested: "All the prosperity of which Canada is robbed is transplanted to the other side of the line, as if to make the Canadian feel more bitterly how much kinder England is to the children who desert her than to those who remain faithful." The only thing that saved

the North American colonies—and all but lost them to the Empire—was a reciprocity treaty with the United States which the British Government arranged in 1854, and which practically put them inside the American fiscal system. In the twenty-five years preceding Canadian confederation only 677,000 British emigrants went to Canada, as against 2,640,000 to the United States. The flourishing wine industry of the Cape was allowed to survive a while, but was killed by the Cobden Treaty with France in 1860. The West Indies lost their sugar preference in 1854. The duties which protected British exports to the colonies were swept away in 1848.

The doctrinaires were, in fact, determined to enforce their theories rigidly throughout the Empire. Revenue duties in the colonies were inevitable, but they were determined to tolerate no trace of mutual preference, even between neighbouring colonies. Even if they wished it, the colonies were not to be allowed to give any preference to the Mother Country. In 1862 and 1865, we made treaties with Belgium and the North German Zollverein, by which we pledged ourselves not to allow any British colony to give us preference. So natural and obvious did that seem in those days of doctrinaire craziness that this particular provision was never even discussed in the House of Commons. Enforced Free Trade remained the rule, right up to the Great War, in all parts of the Empire which were directly controlled by Downing Street. In India that policy created an enduring resentment, whose fruits are now being reaped in the determination of Indian politicians to have nothing to do with any Imperial economic policy which they suspect of aiming at limiting their right of self-protection.

With the self-governing colonies the doctrinaires were up against forces too strong for them. Canada was not long in claiming the right to impose duties, even if of a protective character, against the Mother Country. In 1861, the North American colonies secured the right to give each other special treatment, a right not conceded to the Australian and New Zealand colonies till 1873. Colonial statesmanship, working on its own lines, was destined to save the Empire, which the doctrinaires wished to destroy. The critical moment came in 1865, when the Americans disowned the Reciprocity Treaty, under which Canada had enjoyed a decade of prosperity, hoping to force the scattered and weak British colonies into the American Union. Under the inspiration of Sir

John Macdonald, the real father of the modern Empire economic movement, the colonies decided to form an economic and political union of their own, and hold the northern half of the continent for the Union Jack. The ultimate fiscal policy to which Macdonald avowedly looked was always one of trade reciprocity with Britain. His views were not without their echo in England, where Disraeli, among statesmen, and Froude and Seeley, among writers, were reviving the Imperial idea. It was in 1872 that Disraeli had the courage to say that "self-government, when conceded, ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff," adding that the policy which deliberately aimed at the disintegration of the Empire had failed only because of the strength of colonial sympathy and colonial determination not to let the Empire be destroyed, and that "No Minister in this country will do his duty who neglects any opportunity of reconstituting as far as possible our Colonial Empire, and of responding to those distant sympathies which may become the source of incalculable strength and happiness to this land." Imperial preference figured as a definite aim in the programme of the Fair Trade Movement from 1878 onwards, and it is conceivable that Disraeli might have introduced a preferential scheme but for his defeat in 1880. In 1885, his successor, Lord Salisbury, discussing the question of inter-Imperial trade, protested against the idea of differential duties in favour of the colonies being treated as an economic heresy.

In 1887, the first Colonial Conference met, as an incident to the ceremonies of Queen Victoria's jubilee. At that conference, Sir Samuel Griffiths, the Premier of Queensland, definitely raised the issue of mutual preference; while Mr. Hofmeyr, the leader of the Afrikander Party at the Cape, suggested the imposition of an Imperial toll or surtax of 2 per cent. on all imports into the Empire, both as a form of preference and to provide a common revenue for defence purposes. The issue was now fairly launched. Debates followed in both Houses of Parliament here in 1890, and the interest created, if not resulting in action at this end, was probably not without its influence in Canada. The McKinley tariff, whether or not deliberately aimed at forcing Canada into fiscal and ultimately political union with the States, had created a strong movement in

Canada in that direction, which Sir J. Macdonald defeated in his last great political campaign. Immediately on his return to power the Canadian Parliament passed a resolution expressing its readiness to reduce the Canadian tariff on British manufactures if Britain would reciprocate, while the Government laid on the table of the House an address to the Queen, praying for the denunciation of the Belgian and German treaties, which forbade preference. The request was politely refused. About the same time, Cecil Rhodes was communicating with Macdonald and with Sir H. Parkes, the Premier of New South Wales, with a view to their combining to forward the policy of Empire Preference.

In 1894, the second Colonial Conference met at Ottawa. Sir J. Macdonald had died, but the case for an Imperial economic policy was laid before the Conference in a speech of great eloquence by Sir G. Foster, then Canadian Finance Minister, and still among us. On his motion the Conference passed resolutions in favour of a customs arrangement between Great Britain and her colonies, and pending such an arrangement, for mutual preferences among the colonies, as well as a resolution requesting the denunciation of the Belgian and German treaties. These resolutions were passed with only the United Kingdom and New South Wales dissenting. Immediate effect was given to them in the following year by the negotiation of reciprocal treaties by New Zealand with South Australia and Canada. Up to this point the re-establishment of Imperial preference had always been conceived of as the result of a definite mutual agreement. An entirely new turn was given to the evolution of Imperial fiscal policy, when, in 1897, the new Liberal Government in Canada under Sir Wilfrid Laurier decided to institute preference without waiting for reciprocity. This preference, first fixed at 12½ per cent., after July 1898, at 25 per cent. and in 1900 at 33⅓ per cent. of the ordinary duty, had, at first, to be given in a general form to all countries whose tariffs were lower than the Canadian tariff, in order to comply with the Belgian and German treaties. The removal of these treaties was earnestly and unanimously urged upon the British Government by the Colonial Conference of 1897, which also re-affirmed its general views in favour of Imperial preference.

Happily the British Government on this occasion meant Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who was already in full

sympathy with the policy of Empire Economic Unity and only waiting for a favourable opportunity to carry it through against the strength of the Free Trade prejudice at home. The treaties were promptly disowned in spite of German attempts to penalize Canadian trade, and of German threats to retaliate against our own trade if we allowed preference to spread any further in the Empire. In 1900, a very important measure of indirect preference to the Colonies was given by the passing of the Colonial Stock Act, which made Colonial Government Stocks Trustee Securities, and so greatly assisted them in securing cheap money for development.

For the next three years, however, the South African situation absorbed most of Mr. Chamberlain's energies. In 1902, the Colonial Conference met again and passed a series of resolutions. In these they affirmed the desirability of preference being given by those Colonies which had not already adopted such a policy—complete Free Trade within the Empire being dismissed as not practicable in present circumstances—and respectfully urged on His Majesty's Government the expediency of granting preferential treatment to the Colonies. Canada, more particularly, urged upon Mr. Chamberlain the remission, as against the Empire, of the registration duty of 1s. a quarter on wheat and other grain, which had been imposed on a revenue income during the South African War. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was unwilling to make the sacrifice of revenue at once, but Mr. Chamberlain was convinced that the opportunity for a step forward was too good to be missed, and, apparently, before leaving on his mission to South Africa that autumn, received the assent of his colleagues to this first step in Imperial Preference. At Madeira, on his return journey, he received a cable to tell him that the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Ritchie, had been talked over by the bigoted Free Traders in the Treasury and had decided to sweep away the whole duty. There was still just time to have thwarted this plot if Mr. Chamberlain had been willing to precipitate a crisis. But he was worn out by his tremendous exertions in South Africa, and contented himself with declaring to his colleagues that he reserved the right to raise the issue again later on. It is, in any case, a very difficult matter to reject a Budget when it is sprung on a Cabinet at the last moment, in accordance with the thoroughly vicious Free Trade principle which regards it purely as a device for exacting money

and not as an instrument of national policy. But the whole of history would have been different if he had realized what was at stake, and had insisted on forcing Ritchie's hand.

To a large section of the general public the Budget of 1903 was a bitter disappointment. Almost immediately after, on May 15, came Mr. Chamberlain's speech to the annual meeting of Birmingham Unionists, in which he pleaded—as a Free Trader in principle—for some relaxation of the pedantic insistence on the letter of the doctrine against all hope of progress towards Imperial development and Imperial unity. He had made almost exactly the same speech a year before, without attracting any attention. This time the whole of England was waiting for a sign. It is difficult to convey to-day the sense of exaltation—of a new purpose in life—which that speech brought to thousands of us. We walked on air, and some at least of us have, through the disappointments of the years between, kept the flame of our resolve as bright as it was that first day. On the other hand, fiscal orthodoxy, for the first time really alarmed, held up its hands and shrieked with horror. The whole economic episcopate in the shape of fourteen professors of the dismal science excommunicated Mr. Chamberlain with bell, book and candle, in an encyclical published by *The Times*. Before he knew where he was, Mr. Chamberlain found himself committed to a great campaign of propaganda. The course of that campaign, its initial reverse in 1906, its growing success, in spite of Mr. Chamberlain's disappearance from active political life, till side-tracked by Mr. Lloyd George's counter attack in the shape of land taxation, by Irish Home Rule and the Great War—lies outside the scope of this article. But it may be worth while recalling what Mr. Chamberlain's proposals actually were:—A duty of 2s. per quarter on foreign corn (except maize); of 5 per cent. on foreign meat and dairy produce (except bacon); a preferential duty on foreign wine and fruit; and an average 10 per cent. duty on foreign manufactures. Any conceivable rise in price of foodstuffs was to be off-set by remissions of duty on tea, sugar, coffee and cocoa. It is amazing to think that a programme so modest, so far from anything like protection as it is known in other countries, should have been assailed with such fanatical bitterness and such extravagant misrepresentation.

Meanwhile, in the outer Empire, the movement con-

tinued in spite of discouragement at home. New Zealand and South Africa carried out the 1902 resolutions by establishing preference in 1903; Australia in 1907. Preferential arrangements were also made as between the various Colonies. The Canadian preference was from the outset made applicable to those parts of the Empire which gave at least equally favourable treatment in return. Additional agreements between Canada and South Africa in 1904, between South Africa and Australia in 1906, and South Africa and New Zealand in 1907 widened the circle of mutual trade. In that same year the Dominion Premiers, led with unrivalled eloquence and forcefulness by Mr. Deakin, the Prime Minister of Australia, made a last direct attempt to persuade the British Government to change its policy. On Mr. Asquith's complacent pedantry their arguments made no impression. From that time on the Dominions made no attempt to press the issue at Imperial Conferences, preferring to wait till we should have turned to a better frame of mind.

The Great War, in which the Dominions alone put over 1,000,000 men into the field, brought a new understanding of the whole meaning of Empire into the minds of the British public. Even the most prejudiced theoretical Free Traders had their eyes opened, at least for a time. In 1917, the British Coalition War Cabinet, which included not only Mr. Lloyd George, but the present Foreign Secretary, Mr. A. Henderson, approved a unanimous resolution of the Imperial Conference in favour of each part of the Empire giving specially favourable treatment and facilities to the produce and manufactures of other parts of the Empire. For the first time a British Government officially accepted the view that Empire trade was worth direct encouragement. In 1919, Sir A. Chamberlain introduced the first British preferential tariff since the introduction of Free Trade. The general principle of his tariff was a preferential remission of one-sixth of the duty in the case of highly taxed articles of consumption, and one-third of the duty off the McKenna duties. This latter figure has since been made the general rule in the case of all safeguarding, and other duties on manufactures, while under the Key Industries and Dye Stuffs Acts Empire produce is admitted duty free.

In 1923, a special Imperial Economic Conference met concurrently with the main Imperial Conference. The

British Government undertook to make a not inconsiderable, though still very tentative, advance in the direction of preference. Empire dried fruit was to be allowed in free, as against the duty of 10s. 6d. per cwt., which was to be extended to other dried fruits at present duty free. A duty of 5s. per cwt. was to be imposed on foreign preserved fruit and on fresh apples, and of 10s. per cwt. on foreign canned salmon, lobster and crayfish, and on foreign honey. The sugar preference was to be stabilized at ½d. per lb., the tobacco preference increased from 1s. 4d. to 2s. per lb., and the wine preferences still further increased. In return it was understood that the Dominions would take into consideration a substantial increase of their preferences, which, indeed, had already in most cases been increased since the War.

Unfortunately these proposals were involved in the fate of the General Election which followed immediately after. Though in no way connected with the policy put forward at that election, the slight increases of preference were used as an excuse for raising the dear-food cry, against which no preparation had been made in electoral propaganda. The result of the election was doubly unfortunate. It afforded Mr. Snowden an excuse for repudiating the agreements arrived at by the Imperial Economic Conference. It created in the Unionist Party a spirit of wholly unreasoning panic and timidity over the whole question of fiscal policy and, above all, on the subject of any possible preferential duties on food. That panic survived and seemed even intensified after the amazing victory of 1924. Even though Mr. Baldwin had made it clear that the Economic Conference pledges were to be honoured, the new Government hesitated to carry this out where they involved any new or increased duties. In order to keep faith with the Dominions they consequently established the Empire Marketing Board, a body empowered to spend on the promotion of Empire marketing in this country one million pounds per annum, the calculated equivalent to the preferences which were not put into effect. The Empire Marketing Board has done invaluable work, both in publicity and even more in research, and has been widely regarded in the Empire as a most important measure of reciprocity for their preferences. The other points of the 1923 programme were duly carried out, and in 1926 Mr. Churchill announced that existing preferences would be stabilized for ten years at their then actual amount, as long as the

main duty equalled or exceeded that amount. But apart from these useful though minor steps, the Unionist Government made no attempt during its four and a half years of office to extend Imperial Preference, or even to ascertain, before it went to an election, what possible extensions might be agreed to by the Dominion Governments. Its last step, most unfortunate, but characteristic of the disastrous influences to which it had submitted, was the sweeping away of the whole of the tea duty. Happily there has been a great change since, and there is no reason to fear that the next Unionist Government will be as impotent from the point of view of Empire economic policy as the last.

In the Dominions, as in the Mother Country, the sentiment in favour of Imperial Preference was strengthened by the events of the Great War. The Canadian tariff was amended so as to give on most articles a preference amounting to from 10 to 12 per cent. *ad valorem*. The Budget introduced by Mr. Dunning in May, and carried as the last act of the outgoing MacKenzie-King Ministry, gave a remarkable further extension to preference, both by increasing the actual amount in almost every case, and also by transferring a very large number of hitherto dutiable items to the Empire free list. This advance was in the direct Laurier tradition of an unreciprocated preference justified as calculated, even without reciprocity, to stimulate British purchases of Canadian products, and as an appeal to preferential sentiment in Great Britain. The Dunning tariff will now, no doubt, be replaced by one giving more substantial protection to Canadian industry, and it is at any rate possible that Mr. Bennett, who has always strongly upheld the old Canadian Conservative view that preference must be definitely reciprocal, may reduce the measure of preference now accorded, unless at the forthcoming Conference he can secure some really effective concessions to Canadian trade from the British Government.

The Australian preference was also raised after the War from an average 5 per cent. *ad valorem* to from 10 to 15 per cent. *ad valorem*, and it is worth noting that, highly protectionist as Australian tariff policy has been —even exaggeratedly so from the point of view of Australia's own development—nearly half our total exports to Australia in recent years, over £28,000,000 worth, have been on the Empire free list, while corre-

sponding foreign goods have been subject to a duty of from 10 to 15 per cent. Even the recent emergency tariff, with its drastic measures to restrict all imports, has, at any rate, not reduced the rate of preference. The New Zealand tariff, approximately as favourable to Great Britain as the Australian tariff up to 1927, was, at the end of that year, revised in our favour, and has in the last few weeks undergone a further substantial revision in the same sense.

The South African tariff was somewhat less favourable, its average preferential rebate being about 5 per cent., and the preference was reduced or eliminated on many articles after Mr. Snowden's Budget in 1924, the view of General Hertzog's Government being that preference should be mutual, and that even after the revision the South African preferences exceeded in value those given by the United Kingdom to South Africa. Since then the extension of the South African preference in respect of articles not already on the preferential list—but not the increase of preference on those articles—has been barred by last year's treaty between the Union and Germany, a treaty which can, however, be denounced at 18 months' notice. The two Rhodesias, though in customs union with the Union, have special British preference rates, averaging about 11 per cent. off the duty.

India, where public opinion twenty-five years ago would have only too readily conceded preference in return for release from the Cobdenite restrictions imposed on her fiscal liberty from Westminster, is at present in a mood—at any rate, as far as the active political element is concerned—in which its one determination is to repudiate all idea of Imperial economic co-operation and responsibility. The recent 5 per cent. extra duty against foreign cotton piece-goods was avowedly accepted only as a special case (as was also a previous revision of the iron and steel schedules favouring British types of production), and must not be regarded as a precedent that is likely to be extended until there is a very different atmosphere in Indian politics. The Irish Free State has retained in its tariff some of the preferences in force when it was first established, but has not included preference in its new duties, with the one exception of a useful 5 per cent. preference in its tariff on woollen goods. Newfoundland alone of the Dominions has never yet (apart from some minor concessions to Jamaica) granted any fiscal preferences to other parts

of the Empire, not from lack of Imperial sentiment so much as owing to revenue difficulties.

Not the least interesting development since the War has been the extension of Imperial preference in the Colonial sphere. In East and West Africa, indeed, our liberty to allow the local governments to introduce preference into their tariffs is very much circumscribed by treaty obligations. In Tanganyika and the mandated strips attached to the Gold Coast and Nigeria, the restriction is in the terms of the mandates; in Uganda, Kenya, Nyassaland and part of Northern Rhodesia by the terms of the Berlin and Brussels Acts, reincorporated in the Treaty of St. Germain; in Nigeria and the Gold Coast by the Anglo-French Treaty of 1898. This last is now terminable at a year's notice, but is, on the whole, so favourable to us in respect of our trade in the adjacent French Colonies as to make its unqualified denunciation of doubtful advantage. Elsewhere, however, in the Colonial Empire the constitutional convention has grown up that the Colonial Office, while not prepared to impose or even press for preference, no longer forbids it or stands in the way of the consideration, by such Colonies as desire them, of trade agreements with other Colonies or Dominions.

In this field again, Canada, under the inspiration of Sir G. Foster, was the pioneer, its first very tentative trade agreement with the West Indies being concluded in 1913. This agreement was greatly amplified and strengthened in 1920 and again in 1925. The general basis of these agreements has been, on the Canadian side, certain important specific preferences, notably on sugar, over and above the ordinary Canadian preferential tariff, and substantial assistance towards the cost of a now first-rate shipping service; on the West Indian side, certain specific preferences on articles like flour and fish of special interest to Canada, and a general preferential rate varying in the different colonies from 50 per cent. to 25 per cent. of the duty. All these preferences have, hitherto, been extended by the West Indies to the United Kingdom. Whether the West Indies can afford to continue to do so if this country adheres to Mr. Snowden's refusal to give them any help in their present critical difficulties, and Canada, on the other hand, is prepared to increase her preferences in a new agreement, is another question. Mauritius, Fiji and Cyprus have also in recent years introduced Imperial Preference in their tariffs, in each

case by spontaneous action and not as the outcome of any negotiated agreement.

It will be seen, then, that Empire economic co-operation by fiscal preference is already to-day something much more than a mere idea. It is a policy which over the last thirty years has been in action over a continuously extending field, and which has already exercised a considerable influence on the character of Empire trade. At the same time, no real transformation of the general economic situation in the Empire, or of the industrial situation in this country, is possible unless this country is itself prepared to take an active part in the movement. The play of *Hamlet* is bound to drag unless the Prince of Denmark is prepared to come on to the middle of the stage and give a lead. Before she can do this, Great Britain must free her mind of the great Free Trade superstition and of the absurd fear complex about food duties which goes with it.

Happily, the nation as a whole, schooled by bitter experience, is at last beginning to see its old idol in its true light as an intellectually contemptible and immoral fetish, and is asking with increasing impatience for some one to give a lead in getting rid of it bag and baggage. The secret of the remarkable success of Lord Beaverbrook's campaign is that it has responded to that impatience, and has broken away from the hesitations, timidity and readiness to tie itself down by paralysing negative pledges which have marked Unionist policy of recent years. But the movement in public opinion is not confined to one party in the State. Bankers, Chambers of Commerce, the Trade Union Council, leading Socialists and even Liberals, like Mr. E. D. Simon, have voiced the growing revolt against the old complacent obscurantism. Even the present Government cannot stand against the tide much longer. It may endeavour to substitute the cumbersome and costly device of bulk purchase for the simpler, more flexible and cheaper method of preference by duties. But, in one way or another, it will have to address itself to the problem at the forthcoming Imperial Conference. If it fails to achieve anything at the Conference it will only accentuate its unpopularity and hasten its downfall. If it does achieve something, however limited in scope, then, whatever the effect from the purely party point of view, it will have only stimulated a public demand, which will grow increasingly imperious, for a more whole-hearted policy.

The Imperial Conference and the Future of the Empire

By V. A. Malcolmson

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WITH a characteristic indifference to theory and hurry, the subjects of His Majesty's far-flung self-governing territories are content to let four years elapse between each formal, personal meeting of their representatives. We may hope that the improvements in transport and communications which our wonderful age displays almost monthly will enable that period to be reduced at some not distant date. There is, after all, no sanctity about the four-yearly period. It was decided upon in 1907, and the technique of travel has been revolutionized since then. It might be argued that since 10, Downing Street can talk comfortably to Canberra by telephone, there is no need to bring busy Ministers across thousands of miles of ocean too frequently. The virtues of personal contact and discussion, however, cannot be over-estimated. Hands across the sea is a good attitude, but we know that friendships are weakened and not strengthened when half the world intervenes. Nothing is more conducive to smooth relations and harmonious development than the process of thrashing out problems and programmes round a table. The League of Nations has realized that well enough from its beginning. Its Assembly meets annually; cannot the British Empire call its Conference at three-yearly or two-yearly intervals at least, if not annually?

If the 1930 Conference is not prepared to advocate that step, it can take another which will have no less importance in the development of inter-Imperial consultative machinery. It can set up a permanent Economic Secretariat to hold the threads of economic co-operation. This proposal has been made with much force by bodies like the Federation of British Industries, the National Union of Manufacturers, the Chambers of Commerce and Shipping, and the General Council of the Trade Union Congress; while a somewhat similar suggestion for an "Empire Development Board" was urged at the close of the War by the Empire Resources Development Committee, a body over which the late Lord Milner, Sir L. Starr Jameson and Lord Queenborough succes-

sively presided, and to which the late H. Wilson Fox, M.P., acted as honorary secretary. More recently such an organization has been advocated by Sir Robert Hadfield.

If one looks back at the Reports of the last Imperial Conference, held in 1926, one can read there a great deal of discussion on Empire trade, and such cognate matters as Imperial Air Communications, Development and Migration, and Forestry, as well as the valuable series of reports of the General Economic Sub-Committee. But undoubtedly the 1926 Conference will be remembered for the statement on constitutional status by the Earl of Balfour: . . . "The Dominions are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status; in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." The great and vital contribution on this occasion was constitutional. That of the 1930 Conference must be essentially economic.

A hasty student of Imperial politics might attribute this change of atmosphere to the campaign of Lord Beaverbrook, so great has been its impression upon each of the political parties in this country, and upon public opinion throughout the Empire. But, with no desire to diminish the praise demanded by his courage and individuality, one would point out that Lord Beaverbrook is not the cause but the concomitant of the change of atmosphere, for three important influences have been at work since 1926, and their net impact upon public opinion has driven it, and would in any case have driven it, into a wave of sympathy toward the experiment of an Imperial customs union.

One of these influences—the latest in point of time to manifest itself—is the trade depression into which the world has fallen concurrently with the fall in the prices of commodities. The depression is not a special problem of the Empire, but it is an added stimulus to Imperial co-operation. Australia, for instance, needs for her recovery assured markets, as well as a world-rise in prices for her raw products. She needs further research in her dairying and beef-producing industries to enable them to compete more effectively in open markets; and she will probably be anxious to consider the question of

"rationalizing" her tariff to ensure that, while all her economic industries receive adequate protection, her producers (especially those in unsheltered export industries) shall not have to pay more than necessary for products which can be produced on a truly economic scale in Britain or other parts of the Empire. Australia, perhaps, is deeper in the trough of depression for a space than some other of the Dominions, but each has problems not dissimilar in kind. We are no longer in a *laissez-faire* age, and we dislike waiting for the end of a depression with a fatalistic passivity. Many of our problems are world-problems—notably in this connection, that of the distribution of gold resources—and the improvement of international action and the increased tendency of industry to rationalize internationally are a recognition of this fact. But in a special degree the problems of the parts of the Empire are problems of the whole, and if so regarded, they, to a large extent, cancel out.

Underlying the temporary, cyclical depression of trade there is this further fact. Great Britain is still, by reason of her parental part in raising this unique and amazing family of free and equal nations, in the position of *primus inter pares*. The prosperity of Britain as a market for foodstuffs and raw materials is, moreover, of great importance to the Dominions. More than a decade after the end of the war, that prosperity has not returned, and people now feel that by going on as we have in the past we perpetuate the decline. Its causes are twofold. The overseas markets for Britain's great staples were breached in the war years by the growth of productive capacity within the markets themselves. Then, too, in the critical years when the new staples of twentieth-century civilization were being developed on mass-production lines, Britain was absorbed in the war effort; so her primacy in the old staples gave way to a breathless effort for equality in the new. To throw off the productive organization of the old century and step into that of the new, Britain finds an imperative need for the utmost initial assistance in the markets of the Empire. It must never be forgotten that Britain herself, the United States and Germany have all had large sheltered markets precedent to their periods of maximum business expansion. Britain's need, however, is not a local problem. If it were so, lusty Dominions might be inclined to take the attitude of young men to a superannuated relation.

But the interests of the Dominions are too closely linked to those of Britain for that—apart altogether from the bonds of sentiment. The centre of population, finance and defence is still Britain, and Britain alone is likely actively to assist Dominion development from without.

The third factor in the new situation is a new outlook towards tariffs. Until recently there was keen hope for reductions in tariffs throughout the world. The World Economic Conference at Geneva, in 1927, determined that "the time has come to put a stop to the growth of Customs tariffs and to reverse the direction of the movement." Exporters in Britain and the Dominions looked forward to a downward tendency in world tariffs, not only in their own interests, but as a factor in world recovery as a whole. It is now apparent that these resolutions have shared the fate of so many ardent aspirations—they remain buried in the pages of a report. There is no sign that foreign countries are willing to admit British manufactures or Empire produce upon a competitive basis. In consequence, there has been a tremendous swing of opinion in Britain. The situation was admirably summarized in the Bankers' Manifesto of July last: "Bitter experience has taught Great Britain that the hopes expressed four years ago in a plea for the removal of the restrictions upon European trade have failed to be realized . . . While we retain the hope of an ultimate extension of the area of Free Trade throughout the world, we believe that the immediate step for securing and extending the market for British goods lies in reciprocal trade agreements between the nations constituting the British Empire."

These, then, are the new conditions in which the Imperial Conference of 1930 meets. Let us look at the agenda, as given by Mr. MacDonald in the House of Commons.

The Conference will discuss the very important topic of "Imperial rationalization," or, as the agenda put it, "the general question of the trade of the Empire, including capital investments and establishment of branch industries." There is opportunity here for good work by the Conference. Capital investments and the establishment of branch industries are not likely to become the direct concern of governments, but they are assisted or hampered by the attitude of governments. The Dominions are rapidly becoming industrialized, and

everybody in Britain is glad to see their progress. The following figures, which have been calculated from data given in the Year-books of the various Dominions, give a very rough idea of their progress in manufacturing since the War. The net output of factories in 1918 is expressed as 100, and the effect of price changes in subsequent years has been allowed for.

Year.	Dominion.	Net Output of Factories.	Relative Net Output compared with 1914.
		£	
1927–28 ..	Australia	167,403,000	138
1927 ..	Canada	335,900,000	148
1926–27 ..	Union of South Africa	47,508,000	179
1926–27 ..	New Zealand	23,119,000	192

The total net output of factories (£574 millions) may be compared with the net output of Great Britain in 1924 (exclusive of coal mining and other extractive industries), which was returned as £1,471 millions. Or, if we take the foremost manufacturing Dominion, Canada, we find a greater expansion in the last few years than in the United States, the United Kingdom, France or Germany.

INDEX OF INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION.

1925 = 100

	1926.	1927.	1928.	1929.
Canada	117	125	138	154
United States	104	102	107	113
United Kingdom (1924 = 100)		107	106	112
France	117	102	118	130
Germany	95	120	120	122

(From the League of Nations "Memorandum on Production and Trade.")

These tables are given to show that we in Britain do not overlook the growing industrial organization in the Dominions. In the comparison with the United Kingdom, however, the figures are misleading. Factory production in the Dominions relates in the main to different classes of production from those in the United Kingdom. It covers the treating of farm and dairy produce, milling, newsprint and so on, and in a less degree more highly finished manufactures. United Kingdom production, on the other hand, consists of the more specialized engineering products, textiles and highly

finished goods generally. There is no rigid difference, but the distinction is important.

Moreover, the United Kingdom contains some 45½ million people, while the four manufacturing Dominions together have only 25 million. There are manifestly certain products which can at the moment be most economically manufactured in the United Kingdom, with its large domestic and foreign market, and established plant. Certain items of iron and steel and heavy electrical goods may be cited as examples. Other products of these same industries, however, can be produced in the Dominions themselves. The principle of Imperial rationalization is the establishment of branch industries or co-operation between existing concerns throughout the Empire, where they are capable of organization on an Imperial scale, so as to secure most economic production in accordance with the needs and conditions of the several parts.

To what extent this principle can be pushed further than it has yet been, and what help governments can give by such means as more tariff adjustments in favour of the United Kingdom in the case of items which are not effectively produced in the Dominions, are some of the matters for the Conference.

The Conference has also to consider what forms of assistance the United Kingdom can give to marketing Dominion produce. Two items in the agenda cover this: "the extent and effect of inter-Imperial tariff preferences" and "bulk purchase and price stabilization."

It is difficult, indeed, to perceive how Britain can give more assistance in the majority of Empire commodities except by extending tariff preferences. We have reason to believe that the British Government are considering Mr. E. F. Wise's schemes for bulk purchase. Regarding bulk purchase, one or two things may be pointed out. Any Government which goes in for large-scale gambles in food must involve itself in immense difficulties. It will be pressed by consumers on one side for low prices, by the sellers on the other for high prices. Each purchase may become an issue between Governments, and it would be difficult to find any more certain means of causing inter-Imperial friction. One only need contemplate the delicate machinery of markets by which the import and distribution of foodstuffs are regulated to realize some of the consequences of the Government's

intervening with a crude attempt to run the whole business from Whitehall, or through the medium of statutory corporations. Any further comments on "bulk purchase" are unnecessary, however, from the unlikelihood of its acceptance by the Dominions. The present situation calls for a rearrangement of the trading relations of the whole Empire on an economic basis and on business lines, and not for State intervention in trading.

The practicable plan—and, as all the Dominions have adopted it years ago, there seems little need to look frantically round for another—is to impose duties on certain foreign commodities in cases where the Dominions can readily supply all our needs, and to admit the Dominion products free.

If the British Government reject the policy of further preferences, their decision will have a most unfavourable reaction upon opinion in the Dominions. It will be likely to lead them to reconsider their existing Imperial preferences. General Hertzog, for instance, when on his way to this country, is reported to have said:—

> "I understand that the present British Government wishes to discard the principle of preference on Dominion products. The policy of the Union Government, however, is to give tariff preference to some of Britain's manufactures provided Great Britain extends a similar preference to South African products. The Union Government is prepared to enter into an agreement over a definite period provided the industries of South Africa at present in their infancy can go ahead and develop. If the British Government does decide to drop the principle of preference, it will undoubtedly be necessary to make considerable changes in the tariff policy of South Africa, and presumably also the other Dominions will find a similar necessity."

It would be easy to give a list of a dozen or more commodities to which the new duties and Imperial preferences could be applied, with immense benefit to the Dominions and no rise of prices here, since supplies are assured. In the case of commodities which the Dominions cannot yet supply in sufficient quantities, a small duty and preference might be given, and in the meantime production should be encouraged by research and grants. Wheat, however, could be dealt with best by establishing an import "quota," specifying the amount that should be imported yearly from the Empire, and increasing the amount annually to the maximum possible. Home agriculture can be assisted within the operation of this scheme. This line of policy has the great

advantage over a State-purchasing system that it involves no interference with the existing mechanism of trade: it merely weights our customs system in favour of the Empire. It has the merit of being a thoroughly tested means of achieving its end, while the "bulk-purchase" method is a dangerous and dubious expedient.

The agenda proceed to enumerate for discussion a number of important but practically non-controversial matters which may be conveniently grouped as research and development. Within this group there will come up for discussion such questions as co-operation in research into agricultural (including cotton), forestry and mineral problems; the development of inter-Imperial steamship and aerial transport, and of cable, radio, postal and news communications; and the work and function of the Empire Marketing Board, the Imperial Economic and Shipping Committees and similar bodies.

All that need be said on this part of the Conference's work is to emphasize that it is so important, if of less popular interest than the more controversial part, that the Conference should now lift it from the sphere of occasional discussion and weld it into the terms of reference of a permanent Imperial Secretariat. At the same time, it should consider whether the functions of the various bodies like the Empire Marketing Board, the Imperial Economic and Shipping Committees, and the Empire Settlement Committee cannot with advantage be co-ordinated and vested in one body.

The Conference inherits from its predecessor the recommendations of the Conference on the Operation of Dominion Legislation and Merchant Shipping Legislation, which was set up by resolution of the 1926 Conference. The questions raised are mainly constitutional, but one of them has a special bearing upon the question of Imperial development.

By the provisions of the Colonial Stock Act of 1900, Empire Governments can get their stocks listed as trustee stocks. They thereby borrow at about ¾ per cent. less than the rate which they would probably pay otherwise, and save something like £5 million a year on their interest bill. This is one of the benefits (others are the bearing of the main burden of defence and the work of the Empire Marketing Board) with which Britain already reciprocates to some extent the valuable tariff preferences of the Dominions.

The British Treasury still requires the Government of a Dominion which avails itself of the benefit of trustee status for its loans to comply with an original provision of the Act and to " place on record a formal expression of its opinion that any Dominion legislation which appears to the Government of the United Kingdom to alter any of the provisions affecting the stock to the injury of the stockholder or to involve a departure from the original contract would properly be disallowed." This requirement appears to be inconsistent with the terms of the " Balfour " declaration that the members of the British Commonwealth are " in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs." It is, however, very necessary that this useful link of Empire should be retained, and the Conference will have to consider whether it should not devise some modification in the wording of this clause, which, while maintaining " de facto " the security afforded by it, would not involve a contradiction in terms.

The purpose of this article is to emphasize the economic atmosphere in which the Imperial Conference of 1930 meets, and to point out some of its principal problems. The last Conference in 1926 decided what, after many years of evolution, the broad outlines of the Dominions' constitutional position were to be; 1930 calls for a similar clarifying process with regard to the economic organization of the Empire. At present such organization has not got past the embryo stage, and the future of the Empire rests with those who have the opportunity to shape its economic destiny at the coming Conference.

Of course, if this Conference fails, it may fall to another, called in a year or two's time, to take up the task, and then under conditions infinitely more difficult and complicated than those of the present time; indeed, delay may render the task impossible. Let the Government be warned that public opinion has gained momentum on this matter during the past year. The country looks to more Empire trade as a contribution to the return of prosperity. If the Government fails to give a firm lead to Empire economic co-operation, and a warm hand to the proposals of the Dominions, the opportunity may finally slip from its grasp.

Non-official Europeans and the Indian Constitution

By A. H. E. Molson

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IT seems appropriate at the present time, when the Simon Report is to some extent digested and when the Round-Table Conference is not far off, to draw attention to the non-official European community in India and to the views they have expressed before the Simon Commission, and are likely again to put forward at the Round-Table Conference.

The non-official European community is, of course, predominantly British; it cannot call itself British because of the susceptibilities of Indians who are British subjects, it is not allowed to call itself English because of the sensitiveness of the Scots. Handicapped by the poverty of the English language as it is in finding a name, the community is yet clearly defined, intelligent, on the whole united, influential in politics and immensely powerful economically.

The origin of British rule in India goes back to the merchant adventurers, who established trading stations first under the protection of native rulers, and then gradually came to protect themselves, to exercise political rule and finally to grant protection to such of the native states as they had not annexed. For nearly two centuries men like Clive were at the same time merchants, administrators and soldiers, and although in 1813 officials were forbidden to take part in trading, the real separation of commercial and political functions was only complete when the Crown took over the administration of the Indian Empire and the Honourable East India Company ceased to exist. The British commercial community may therefore claim to be the parent both of the Indian Civil Service and of the Indian Army. When we consider that in that community are included the men who manage many of the railways, the great ports, the jute mills of Bengal, many of the cotton mills of Bombay, the tea gardens of Assam, the coal mines of Behar, the oilfields of Burma, the principal coastal and inland steamship lines, most of the electric plants and gasworks, and, above all, the greater banks; when it is recalled that these men control British invest-

ments conservatively estimated at £1,000,000,000, and that the bulk of the imports and exports of India passes through their hands, it will surely be obvious that the prosperity of India depends upon them scarcely less than it does upon the policy of the Government of India itself. Men occupying so important a position, so experienced in Indian affairs, are clearly men whose opinions must be respectfully considered when the future constitution of India is under discussion.

There are two organizations which represent the views of the non-official European community—the European Association and the Associated Chambers of Commerce. The former is an avowedly political organization of individuals; the latter is composed of a number of Chambers of Commerce, most of the members of which are firms and companies and not individuals. The European Association usually charges itself with the task of selecting representatives of the European community upon the legislatures, but, in many cases, the individuals chosen are prominent members of Chamber committees, and every effort is made to find representatives in whom the Chambers will have confidence. Ordinarily the two organizations work amicably together, and this article will treat them as different voices expressing the same ideas.

When, in 1918, the proposals of Lord Chelmsford and Mr. Montagu were published, the European community expressed grave doubt as to the need for any reforms of so sweeping a character, and then proceeded to criticize the actual constitutional arrangements proposed. The European Association reprinted for the Simon Commission the criticisms it had made of dyarchy* when first adumbrated, and it is extraordinary how these criticisms have been justified by experience. In spite of their declared scepticism as to the soundness of the Montagu-Chelmsford constitution, when once it was adopted, the European community conscientiously and resolutely set to work to disprove their own criticisms.

* Dyarchy is the system introduced into the Provincial Governments by the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms by which certain more vital portfolios are entrusted to Members of the Executive Council selected by and responsible to the Crown, while other less vital portfolios are entrusted to Ministers selected by the Governor as enjoying the confidence of the Legislative Council, and holding office only so long as they do so. The Governor presides over both the Executive Council and the Cabinet of Ministers and is the connecting link between the two.

The community can look back with pride upon their work during the last ten years as much in the provincial councils as in the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly. The Simon Commission does them no more than justice when it says, "One of the best features of the operation of the Reforms is the way in which European business men of high standing and experience have contributed to the public life of the country by their membership of the legislatures."

How genuine was the desire of Europeans to help forward the constitutional advance of India was shown by the fact that the European group in the Assembly supported the Indian request that the date for the appointment of the Statutory Commission should be accelerated, and was still more strongly proved by the recommendations that they made to the Simon Commission when appointed.

It is right to remember that those British who live and trade in India find it peculiarly hard to visualize democratic Western institutions operating there successfully. In spite of these influences, the European organizations deliberately recommended a great advance in the direction of establishing responsible government in the provinces. There would have been unanimity in favour of complete provincial autonomy but for the difficulty of transferring responsibility for law and order.

Those who have always lived in England, or even in Europe, and perhaps also those who have only made a cold-weather trip to India, find it difficult to understand that there the forces of disorder are always very near the surface; the safety of life and property is everywhere and at every moment maintained only by the presence of police able and willing to use force. Riots are not merely caused by political agitation—it may be contended that that would largely cease when once law and order was transferred—but by communal and religious feeling, or indeed by any insignificant cause which the ignorance and excitability of the mob elevate into a grievance. No Nationalist can reasonably claim that these dangers would disappear with Swaraj.

The police in India are not only an essential for the maintenance of internal tranquillity, but they receive far less support from the public and the legislatures than they receive in this country. It is perhaps a consequence of

the tradition of autocratic rule in India that individual members of the public feel no responsibility for maintaining order; even those who in no way sympathize with the rioters regard it as their privilege and duty to criticise, not the subversion of tranquillity by turbulent spirits, but its restoration by the guardians of law and order.

At present the administration of law and order is a "reserved subject" and is under the control of a member of the Executive Council, appointed by the King-Emperor and responsible to the Governor and Secretary of State. It has therefore been possible for the administration of the police to be carried on without regard to the obstruction and criticism of the provincial Councils. In Madras and on occasions elsewhere an Indian member of Council has been entrusted with this responsibility without ill-effects because he has been independent of the Legislature. The question is, Would the attitude of the Councils change if they were invested with responsibility for law and order? Or would they adopt the same attitude as they do now and make administration impossible as they now make it difficult? Can they be relied on to alter their attitude and recognize their responsibilities? The position of a Minister charged with administering law and order would be impossible if the Councils treated him as they now treat the Executive Councillor in charge; it will be impossible for him to take any action without falling from office.

The vital importance of this question of law and order arises from the fact that, if it continues to be "reserved," the system of dyarchy will be perpetuated. There is almost unanimity that dyarchy is an unsatisfactory system, and everyone would like to see it ended. Is it possible to risk transferring law and order in order to effect this end? The European community was divided upon this difficult question; the European Association has consistently considered the risk unjustifiable; the majority of the Chambers of Commerce originally advised transfer, but later the majority sank to a minority, and the Simon Commission was advised of that change. The Commission itself has, as everyone knows, recommended that law and order should be transferred, but in doing so, they set out fairly and cogently the arguments on both sides.

It may be surmised that the European community at the Round Table Conference will reiterate their grave apprehensions as to the effect of transferring law and order, and they will point out what a volume of expressed Indian opinion is either opposed to it or consents to it only subject to considerable restrictions. They will then concentrate upon securing that adequate safeguards shall be provided.

Turning to the Central Government, the European community was strongly of opinion that at a time when a great experiment was being tried in the provinces, it would be unwise to start democratic changes in the Government of India. They believe that the Federal Constitution, which, it has long been apparent, must be India's ultimate goal, will need a strong Central Government: the constitution of Canada and not that of Australia should be taken as the model. It is, in their opinion, essential therefore that the provinces should be the testing and teaching ground of responsible government, and that for the present the Government of India should not be tampered with.

In order to understand the Commission's proposals with regard to the Central Government, it is necessary to refer to a suggestion, originally put forward on its own responsibility by the Karachi Chamber of Commerce, which was accepted by the Commission, and became one of the most important recommendations of the Report. The Karachi Chamber emphasized the disadvantage of a rigid constitution prescribed by Imperial Statute, which was only to be amended after a statutory enquiry. Would it not be better, the Chamber enquired, to leave it to the Indian legislatures to amend their constitutions themselves, provided that they satisfied certain conditions safeguarding minorities and subject to the Governor's veto?

The Commission were quick to see the immense possibilities of this suggestion. They pointed out that it would give the Indian constitution some of that flexibility which has always been such a valuable feature of the British Constitution, and it would mean following the auspicious Canadian precedent, under which the principle of responsible government was never suddenly prescribed by statute, but evolved gradually as conditions and circumstances required. The Karachi

Chamber suggested that this might afford an expedient for solving the problem of law and order—that it should remain reserved only until the Legislative Council of any province by an adequate majority expressed its wish to undertake the responsibility for it.

We are now in a position to return to the question of the Central Government and Legislature. At present, the Viceroy's Executive Council is nominated by the King-Emperor, and although there is nothing to prevent any of the leading members of the Legislative Assembly from being chosen for an Executive Councillorship, in fact no such appointment has yet been made. The Commission comment on this fact, and when they recommend that in future the Viceroy himself should nominate his own councillors, they clearly hint that he might well draw some of his advisers from amongst those who have established a position as party leaders in the Assembly. The Commission do not see their way to recommend that the Government of India should forthwith be made responsible to the Central Legislature, and in this they are in agreement with all European opinion, official and non-official in India. They do, however, by suggesting the nomination to the Viceroy's Council of an increasing number of members of the Assembly open up a road along which that goal of all Indian Nationalists may be reached. It is a road which winds up the hill, and responsible Indians will not spurn it because it is no magic carpet, which alone could enable them to reach in an instant the summit they are making for.

How fast the progress will be must depend upon the reasonable and responsible behaviour of the Federal Assembly and upon the character and statesmanship of those men whom it puts forward as its leaders. Should men of the right kind be forthcoming, it is certain that they will in increasing numbers be nominated to the Viceroy's Council, and gradually the Government and legislature will be brought more and more into harmony.

The opinion of the European community has not yet been expressed upon this proposal. It unquestionably goes further than they had deemed it wise to recommend, and the intransigeant section which is at present revolting in Calcutta against its leaders may oppose it. But it may reasonably be expected that the community as a whole will not adopt an obstructive attitude, and

will co-operate, provided it is satisfied that no advance will be made until the ground has been rendered safe.

The problem of India is largely one of minorities, and the European community will press strongly at the Round Table Conference for protection for itself and for its commercial and industrial interests.

During the last ten years it has become apparent that to a large number of Indians not the least of the advantages of responsible government would be obtaining the political power to expropriate, or at least to handicap, British commerce and industry.

There has been a Bill to reserve the coastal traffic of India to Indian vessels, to restrict inland steam navigation to Indian companies, and a large proportion of the Assembly has shown itself consistently hostile to British business as such. Pandit Motilal Nehru has openly declared that he is in favour of discrimination against British commerce, and there are members of the Assembly who are practically the paid representatives of Indian business firms which interest themselves in politics solely to get preferential treatment.

It is not necessary to labour the justification for the British development of India's resources. The immense increase in the country's wealth and prosperity has been chiefly due to the enterprise and efficiency of British merchants and industrialists who have discovered and exploited natural resources which had never been thought of before British penetration. Hundreds of thousands of Indians are employed by these British firms, thousands of Indian shareholders benefit by their prosperity, and crores of rupees are yearly paid into the Indian Treasury by these concerns. Firms established in India for a century and more may fairly claim to be Indian, and European British subjects claim to enjoy the same freedom of trade in India as Indian British subjects enjoy when they trade in England.

The Associated Chambers of Commerce put before the Commission a request for a provision in the new Government of India Act making it *ultra vires* for any Indian legislature to pass any Act discriminating against British commerce. It is the right and duty of any Court in the British Empire to examine a statute passed by a Colonial legislature in the light of the Act of the Imperial Parliament creating that Colonial legislature and giving

it powers. Should that Colonial Act not fall within the scope of the powers given, it will be held by the Courts to be null and void. It was the proposal of the Associated Chambers of Commerce that Indian legislatures should be expressly disabled by the Government of India Act from passing discriminating legislation, so that any aggrieved industry could test the validity of an Act by bringing a test case in the Courts.

The Commission give their reasons for rejecting this proposal. "We have," they say, "given careful consideration to their [the Europeans'] proposals, but there are objections to securing protection by the means they suggest to which we can find no answer. Many other interests have asked for similar constitutional safeguards, and we are clear that that statutory protection could not be limited to particular minorities or to discrimination in matters of trade and commerce only. The statutory provision would . . . have to be drawn so widely as to be little more than a statement of abstract principle affording no precise guidance to courts which would be asked to decide . . . whether the action complained of was discriminatory. Moreover, having regard especially to the ingenuity and persistence with which litigation is carried on in India, we should anticipate that an enactment of the kind would result in the transfer to the law courts of disputes which cannot be conveniently disposed of by such means . . . if a law court has jurisdiction to dispose of well-founded claims based on solid grounds, it is also bound to listen to far-fetched complaints with no real substance behind them."

It would be idle to minimize the weight of this unfavourable verdict, and yet the European community may reasonably appeal against it to the Round Table Conference. It is difficult to see in the first place why all minorities need be treated alike—the Moslem minority can, for example, be adequately protected by separate electorates. Nor is it an objection in principle to a safeguard that so many interests have asked for it. No one can dispute the difficulty of drafting a satisfactory clause—least of all the present writer, who has tried his hand at it—but the problem ought to be faced none the less. The danger of frivolous and obstructive use being made of the clause could surely be met by providing that it could only be raised in the High Court, and then only

if the Advocate-General or Law Member had certified that there was reasonable ground for raising the question.

The Commission admits that some protection is "absolutely necessary. But the only practical means of providing it is by the retention of an impartial power residing in the Governor-General and the Governors of the provinces . . . and in laying upon them . . . a specific mandate to use this power in all proper cases." It is submitted that such an expedient will be wholly illusory. Protection is thereby left entirely to the discretion of certain individuals, some of whom will be wholly without Indian experience. All of them will be subjected to political influence not to exercise the power, and their position might be made quite impossible if the Ministry resigned and the Opposition refused to take office unless the discriminatory Bill were allowed to pass.

It must be admitted that the statutory safeguard would afford no protection against discriminatory executive action: it might be effective to invalidate a resolution like that of the Bombay Corporation, instructing its officials to purchase no British goods unless they were unobtainable elsewhere, but it would be ineffective against a determination by the Corporation in practice always to prefer foreign to British tenders.

No apology is needed for writing at length on the need for protecting British commerce in India. It would, indeed, be strange if at a time when all parties are agreed upon the need for new markets for British goods to be found overseas, the richest of all our existing overseas markets were allowed to be lost through inadvertence. The fact that much of the British capital in India is invested in industrial undertakings does not mean that in case of whole or partial expropriation the loss would fall only upon rich shareholders. Apart from the right of every British subject to the support of the British Government in defending his property lawfully acquired in other countries, the British commercial and industrial community in India is the principal influence in obtaining so large a proportion of India's imports from Great Britain. If the non-official British in India, and their possessions, are to be sacrificed on the altar of a short-sighted political expediency, the effect will soon be apparent outside the Labour Exchanges in the industrial cities of England.

The Situation in Malta

By Naxxar

So much of the present trouble in Malta has been incomprehensible to those in this country unacquainted with the Maltese islands, their people and history, that an attempt is here made to set down the essential events leading to the present impasse.

The Maltese islands consist of Malta, Gozo and two or three small islets. Malta is only seventeen miles by nine, and Gozo is considerably smaller, yet these two islands support an ever-increasing population, which is at the present day about two hundred and fifty thousand persons. The islands themselves are bare and rocky, being almost denuded of trees. From the dusty highways the impression given to the visitor is one of aridity; he sees an endless succession of roughly built stone walls, enclosing small fields rising in a gentle slope to the heights towards the south-eastern end of the island, on which, outlined against the sky, stand the towers and domes of Notabile, the ancient capital. The land, however, is extremely fertile, every inch of cultivable ground is made use of, and, in the springtime, from the air the islands look like two bright green jewels. About four-fifths of the population support themselves by agriculture, large families deriving a bare existence from the intensive cultivation of small holdings of a few acres, which they till with the aid of the primitive implements of two thousand years ago. As many as three crops of potatoes per annum are obtained from the same piece of land. Here and there, dotted about the islands, stand the yellow sandstone *casals* or villages, each of which contains a number of the old palaces of the Maltese nobility or of the Knights of St. John. Here behind high walls may be found orange and lemon groves, set with old pools and fountains of great beauty; palms and oleanders abound, and in the spring the yellow walls are covered with purple bougainvillea.

The commercial life of the islands is centred in Valletta, the fortified and sea-girt capital of the Knights

of St. John, and in the towns of Vittoriosa, Senglea and Cospicua, on the other side of the Grand Harbour. Valletta contains many fine buildings, including the Governor's palace, formerly that of the Grand Masters of the Knights, the Co-cathedral and the auberges of the various "tongues" of the Order. Of the latter, the Auberge de Castille is the military headquarters, that of Aragon the Prime Minister's official residence, that of Provence the Union Club and that of Italy the General Post Office.

The origin of the Maltese people is obscure. They have been described as of Arabic extraction, but this is obviously not so. The Arab is dark and lean; the Maltese is generally brown-haired, or even fair, and is inclined to stoutness; only in the seaport towns is found the dark type, which is probably rather Sicilian than Arabic. Taking all into consideration, it is probable that the Maltese are of Eastern Mediterranean stock, a Semitic race, perhaps Phœnician in origin. Malta was at one time a colony of Carthage, which lends credibility to this view. The Maltese language, too, is akin to Hebrew, Syriac and Aramaic, and though it is now written in our characters, it would read much better in Eastern script. It has, as is only natural in the case of a tongue which has been purely colloquial for generations, a considerable admixture of words culled from other languages, such as Arabic, and all modern words are of either Italian or English origin. The Maltese language is interesting in connection with the "language question," which, as will be seen, is the one burning topic in Maltese political life.

Historically, Malta has had a chequered career. It has been at various times occupied by the Carthaginians, Romans, Greeks and Arabs, and in the eleventh century was captured from the latter by Count Roger of Sicily, henceforward becoming a feudal appanage of the Sicilian kingdom. In the sixteenth century, Malta was granted by Charles V to Charles Villiers de L'Isle Adam, Grand Master of the Knights of St. John, as a home for his Order which had, several years before, been expelled from Rhodes by the Turks. Thirty years later, the Knights under La Vallette withstood a tremendous siege

by the Turks, and immediately afterwards set to work to build Valletta, the fortifications of which were considered the strongest in the world. During the siege, the Maltese soldiery, who formed the bulk of the Knights' forces, fought with the utmost gallantry. The following two hundred and fifty years saw the decline of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and Napoleon, on his way to Egypt in 1798, attacked Malta, which fell into his hands after little or no resistance. A month or two later, following the Battle of the Nile, the populace rose against the French, and assisted by a small detachment of British troops, besieged them in Valletta for two years, when they surrendered. By the Treaty of Paris in 1814, the Maltese islands were ceded to Great Britain at the express request of the Maltese people, and have remained in her possession ever since.

The principal difficulty which faced the British administration at the outset was the language question. The official language under the Knights had been Latin, but this was far too cumbrous and archaic for use in Crown colony administration. Maltese, on the other hand, was not yet a written tongue, and was far too difficult for British officials to learn. Few of the islanders spoke English, so Italian was adopted as the official language on the grounds that many of the upper-class Maltese were familiar with it, and it was naturally the language in which business was done with the neighbouring peninsula. As before, the vast bulk of the people continued to speak nothing but the vernacular, and even the upper classes to the present day use Maltese among themselves.

For eighty years this state of affairs continued, but during this time the presence of a large English garrison, and of the fleet with its dockyard, made the spread of the English language increasingly rapid. Maltese was also written, and vernacular newspapers began to appear. The upper classes mostly learnt both English and Italian, their relative proficiency depending on whether they were educated by the English Jesuits or at one of the more numerous schools of Italian culture. The lower classes, however, whose children were taught English and Italian *pari passu*, found that the result was that they attained

only a smattering of each. Towards the end of the last century, then, Sir Gerald Strickland (now Lord Strickland), who was Chief Secretary to the Government of Malta, decided that the time had come for English to take its rightful place as the official language, and for the people to be given free choice as to whether their children should be taught English or Italian in the schools.

Sir Gerald Strickland was, through his Maltese mother, a member of the Maltese nobility, holding the title of Count della Catena, and the owner of large estates in Malta. His enactment that after fifteen years English should become the official language and that free choice should be offered to the people between English and Italian in the schools was received with acclamation by the majority of the people. A section of the Italian-educated upper and professional classes, however, led by the minority, who desired the annexation of Malta to Italy, at once started an agitation against the reforms, and the notion of Malta's "Italian culture" was first brought to the fore. It is most important to realize that this agitation was entirely among the upper and professional classes, principally, in fact, among the large number of lawyers, who, perhaps naturally, resented any measure which would simplify legal processes. The Church, beyond indicating very plainly on which side her sympathies lay, took little part in the controversy. It is improbable that the agitation would have had much effect had it not been for representations made by the Italian Government, in deference to which Joseph Chamberlain, then the Colonial Secretary, agreed to repeal the enactment. Sir Gerald Strickland, whose policy had thereby been jettisoned, was promoted to be Governor of the Leeward Islands, and left Malta for nearly twenty years.

II.

In the orgy of self-determination which followed the War, Malta was not spared. Some riots in 1919, caused by the high price of bread, provided the necessary excuse, and in 1921 Malta was supplied with a full-blown constitution and as large a degree of self-government as was compatible with her position as a great fortress. It so

happened that towards the end of the War, Sir Gerald Strickland, after holding four successive governorships, returned to his native island, and was able to lend his experience of Colonial affairs to the drafting of the constitution.

The constitution of Malta provided for a Legislative Assembly of 32 members, elected on a wide franchise by proportional representation, and a Senate, which was partly nominated and partly elected, the nobility, the Chamber of Commerce, the Church, the Trades Union Council and the University graduates having the right to nominate certain members.

The first Parliament was composed of four parties, as follows:—

Panzavecchians: Named after Monsignor Panzavecchia, a convenient clerical figurehead. The party of those attached to the Italian language and culture.

Nationalists: A small body who favoured the annexation of Malta to Italy.

Labour: A small party of "pink" Labour tendencies.

Constitutionals: The party attached to British as opposed to Italian language and culture, led by Sir Gerald Strickland.

The first ministry, in 1921, was formed by the Panzavecchians. For a time they were generally supported by Labour, but eventually Labour found that their interests were obviously bound up with those of the pro-British party, and, at the same time, the Italian annexationists decided that they could best further their interests as part of the Panzavecchian Party. Parties accordingly crystallized into their present-day form, namely:—

Nationalist: The Party favouring the retention of the Italian language and culture, a small minority of whom wish Malta to be annexed to Italy.

Constitutional and Labour: Those who seek eventually to oust the Italian language in favour of Maltese and English.

Before going into the incidents immediately leading to the present trouble, it is necessary to have a clear idea of the peculiar situation in Malta. All the trappings of the full-blown constitution had been suddenly imposed on an excitable Southern people, four-fifths illiterate, one

hundred per cent. Catholic and whose veneration for the Church was mediæval. Since the dawn of history, the parish priest had been the acknowledged leader of his little community. He was lay lawyer, letter-writer, retailer of news (such versions of the news that he considered good for his flock), and court of appeal in all local disputes and arguments. Crown Colony Government under the British had made little difference to his activities. True, he probably did not altogether approve of the influx of dangerous Protestants and Freemasons into the islands, but, after all, their coming was to the commercial advantage of his flock, and the garrison held very much aloof and did not come much into contact with his people. Under self-government, however, things became very different. The spread of education had already taught many villagers to read. Now, the vernacular papers not only gave news of the remote outer world, but indulged in violent political propaganda. There were even at times suggestions that the Church needed her house setting in order, and eminent clerics who took part in politics were subjected to free and none too gentle criticism. Men began to discuss social problems more freely, and the word of a priest was no longer taken by all as Gospel truth.

To us, perhaps, criticism of political opponents seems perfectly natural; we feel that no clerical politician should be allowed to shelter behind his sacred calling; but in a country where for generations the priesthood have been above criticism, tradition died hard. There is no doubt that these clerical politicians were exceedingly thin-skinned, and shafts which would have glanced off the thick hide of the lay politician wounded them deeply. Some good examples of this undue susceptibility are given in the Vatican's White Paper of June 24, 1930. Lord Strickland is accused of using in Parliament expressions offensive to the clergy. The expressions quoted, however, strike one as being very mild in character for a Southern country where political feeling is known to run high, and where most regrettable personalities are bandied with great freedom!

At the outset, of course, priestly opposition to the state of affairs brought about by the grant of self-government

was not directed against any particular person or party. At least ninety per cent. of the clergy, however, being Italian-educated, it soon became apparent to them that their interests were bound up with those of the Nationalists. Monsignor Gonzi, indeed, now Bishop of Gozo, and joint author of the notorious Pastoral Letter, forbidding electors to vote for Lord Strickland or his candidates under pain of mortal sin, was a Labour member of the Senate previous to his elevation to the episcopate, the Labour Party being at that time in coalition with the Nationalists. Monsignor Dandria, too, one of the priests alleged to have been insulted by Lord Strickland, was at the time of the alleged insults Minister of Education in the Nationalist Government.

For six years after the grant of self-government, Lord Strickland was in Opposition. With his long experience of self-governing colonies, he was able to make things extremely unpleasant for his opponents, unversed as they were in the duties of Ministers and in parliamentary procedure. During these six years of Opposition he not only made bitter personal enemies of his thin-skinned clerical opponents, but made it clear that he meant on accession to office to do his best to limit the interference by priests in political matters. This policy, described by Monsignor Robinson as "Erastian," led to ever-increasing friction between Lord Strickland and the ecclesiastical authorities.

In 1927, a General Election took place, and Lord Strickland was returned to power, but by a majority which was less than expected, owing to an unpleasant incident in which at least one clerical opponent was involved. On the day before polling day, a well-known bad character was induced by certain members of the Nationalist Party to swear an affidavit that years before he had seen Lord Strickland taking part in a Masonic ceremony. In a country as Catholic as Malta, the very name of Freemason is anathema, and though an immediate denial was issued, it was too late to counter in full the evil effect of the libel. It is estimated that in Gozo alone the Constitutional Party lost two seats through this piece of sharp practice. The perjurer was arrested, tried and sentenced, but the mischief was done.

Once in office, Lord Strickland proceeded to put into practice the policy of his party. The Maltese language was introduced officially, though he did not as yet feel in a strong enough position to eliminate Italian. It seems likely that the Constitutionals made a mistake in insisting on the pro-Italian sympathies of the Nationalists, only a minority of whom were really so. Yet it must be remembered that for years the party had been retained in power by their pro-Italian tail, and the Italian Press in the neighbouring peninsula had left no room for doubting that they regarded Malta as part of Italia Irredenta. Lord Strickland's clerical opponents, however, were beyond doubt very much incensed at the accusation that they were furthering Italian to the detriment of British interests, and a clash between Church and State became inevitable. Last year's "Carta" incident was the spark which set the islands alight.

A study of the British Blue Book and of the Vatican's White Paper shows that the majority of the incidents leading up to the present impasse are so trivial that we may well ask how such a serious situation arose at all. The answer may be found in the clash of personalities and lack of tact and forbearance on both sides. Ecclesiastics should have realized that a certain diminution in their secular power was the inevitable outcome of the development of self-government. Ministers of State, on the other hand, might have realized that the inevitable limitation of the Church's activities would not be popular with clerics, and might have helped to soften the blow rather than add weight to it. In the early stages, free and frank discussion of points at issue, with due respect for the inevitably different angle of view of the other party, would have been invaluable. Instead, there grew up a habit of mutual niggling criticism, accentuated by the exchange of acrid correspondence. In Valletta, the Prime Minister's official residence and the Episcopal Palace are within a stone's throw of one another, yet the position of Archbishop Caruana, himself more English than the English, but surrounded by jealous Italian-minded priests, was such that matters which might have been amicably settled over a cup of coffee had to be dealt with laboriously through the tortuous channels of official

correspondence. By the time of the Apostolic Delegate's visit last year, such personal antipathy had developed that all hope of an amicable settlement on the spot had vanished.

As regards the activities of the Apostolic Delegate, it is perhaps only natural that he should have paid a good deal of attention to the evidence offered only too freely by those of his own cloth. He seems not to have realized, however, that in this small place the dispute had already reached a most unfortunately personal basis. Consequently his report, though probably honestly made, reads like an extract from a leading article in a Maltese Nationalist newspaper. It remains to be explained how he contrived to give the impression, not only to Lord Strickland and his Cabinet, but to the Governor, Sir John du Cane, that the most friendly negotiations might be expected, and how the Notes for a Concordat, which he discussed with the Cabinet and even amended with his own hand, are now used by the Vatican as evidence of Lord Strickland's anti-clericalism.

It is clear that the Vatican acted on the strength of ill-digested and one-sided evidence. Their case against Lord Strickland, apart from its regrettably personal nature, is extremely weak, most of the complaints against him being of almost childish triviality. No account whatever is taken of the great number of Maltese who, while loyal to the Church, are yet devoted in the political sphere to the Constitutional Party. At the moment, an impasse has been reached, and the Constitution of 1921 has been suspended indefinitely. While Ministers retain their portfolios and draw their salaries, they act only in an advisory capacity, their administrative functions being carried out by the Lieutenant-Governor, who deals direct with the permanent heads of the various Ministries.

One thing, however, is clear. When an agreement is negotiated, as inevitably it must be, it will have to be on the basis of non-participation by priests in active politics. Only thus will it be possible to maintain the dignity and prestige of the Catholic Church in conjunction with the exercise of unfettered self-government.

Shakespeare in a Seventeenth Century Manuscript

By E. M. Martin

At the recent sale at Buxted Park, Somerset, two manuscript volumes fell, without flourish of trumpets, to the bidders: one, a quarto, was the Commonplace Book of Sir Francis Fane, K.B., and bears the date 1629; the other, an octavo, is made up of selections from the larger volume. These two volumes have since been acquired by the trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace, where they have found a fitting home.

This is not the first time the Commonplace Book of Sir Francis Fane has been housed at Stratford-on-Avon. In 1911 it was in the keeping of Arthur Henry Bullen, founder of the Shakespeare Head Press, having been lent to him by the Hon. Henry Berkeley Portman, in order that any part, or parts, Bullen should think worthy of publication might be edited, printed and published by him. The selections were made, the type set up, collotype reproductions of the two most important pages printed, and the manuscript returned to Buxted; the proofs and collotypes are by me as I write. But Bullen determined these selections must have a more thorough sifting, so that no twice-told tales should spoil their freshness. Thus the hunt began; but the way led into but little travelled country, where the scent was, as often as not, lost: stacks of notes are here to prove how persistent was the search, but there are *lacunæ* yet to be filled.

Stuart Anecdotes. Passages from the MS. Commonplace Book of Sir Francis Fane, K.B., was the title Bullen chose; and by this title it figures among the list of "forthcoming works," in the catalogue, about to be issued from the Shakespeare Head Press, at the time of his death. Shortly after the manuscript came into his hands, he had written:—

". . . I find (as I had anticipated) that four-fifths of it—possibly more—is accessible in printed form (among the various miscellanies of the xviith cen-

tury). Yet the book interests me, and I should like to print some extracts from it. . . . Fane's anecdotes about the Court of Charles II are the most interesting things in the collection; some of them are new to me . . ."

Bullen's was not the first opinion asked as to the literary value of the Commonplace Book, for placed inside the quarto is a letter, signed, C.W., 1854.

"This very interesting MS. was written by Sir Francis Fane, K.B. Third son of Francis viith Earl of Westmoreland and Mary, daughter of Sir Anthony Mildmay. He was a grandson of the Lady Mary Fane (only daughter of Henry Neville Lord Abergavenny) who in 1604 was created Baroness Le Despencer.

"The Manuscript was prepared for the use of Francis, son of the above Sir Francis, also K.B., who succeeded his Father. His mother was Elizabeth West, daughter of William West of Firbeck, and widow of John Lord Darcy. This Sir Francis married Hannah, daughter of John Rushworth of the County of Essex. Their Grandson Thomas became 8th Earl of Westmoreland—of the new creation.

"Since writing the above I have seen another collection of a similar description to this, and from which this is evidently a selection. . . . . These Fane MSS.—and also the Books with the Fane name in them—may be concluded to have come with the Evelyn books from Fellridge—Mr. Evelyn having married (as second wife) Jane Cust, relict of Francis Fane; who was the great grandson of the writer of them."

It is matter for surprise that "C.W." makes no mention of what, to all Shakespearean scholars, must be the chief interest of the quarto; the entry, on page 177, of a hitherto unrecorded allusion to Shakespeare. This is a posy of three lines, of which the first and second—a variant of the love language of the time—are unusually distinct.

The gift is small:
The will is all:

The last line—where the wide spacing of the first ten letters suggests three separate words—A shey ander Asbenall—has so far baffled all attempts at a satisfactory reconstruction. By the side of this posy Fane has written,

'/Shaxpaire vpon a peaire of gloues that maser sent to his mistris./ This note is followed by "Shaxpers Epitaft," which Fane gives as—

> Blest be the man that shaides these Bones
> And Curst be hee that moues these stones/

Immediately below comes an odd variant on John Combe's traditional epitaph:

> Hay hay sayth Tom toule who is in this tome
> ho ho quoth the deuill tis my Johna Come.

Who was "Tom toule"?

It is doubtless this grouping that has inclined some of those who have seen page 177 to seek in the posy a local allusion. The master of the Grammar School at Stratford-on-Avon (from 1582 to his death in 1624) was Alexander Aspinall, an Oxford scholar: could "maser" be accepted as an abbreviation of magister (magester, old orthography); the first ten letters as one word, and that one Alexander; then the final line might be taken as Aspinall's supposed signature, and the posy as a sly, Puckish jest at the elderly schoolmaster's love-making, Alexander Aspinall having married "Widow Shaw" in 1594. This reading, however, did not satisfy Bullen; so he decided to give the page in collotype, where it could be left to puzzle other eyes until a more authoritative interpretation presented itself, or (as he thought far from improbable) some other forgotten manuscript should be brought to light, where the writer had been at better pains to trim his goose quill, before recording "Shaxpaire vpon a peaire of gloues."

History has little to tell of Francis Fane, and all through the Commonplace Book, Fane says but little of himself. He seems to have been a modest man, and it was possibly only for the sake of the three grandchildren to whom he bequeaths "this booke" that he tells how, "at the siege of Creutsnack," where he served under Gustavus Adolphus, the king, seeing him "gallant and aduancinge himself to forward in the sight of the ennimy, sade to Sir Francis Fane, *Ils vous prendray pour vn Marquis mais ils vous tuerez comme commune soldate*"; of his subsequent wounding at Kreuznach, he says never a word.

The book, begun in August, 1629, treats of six countries—Holland, Germany, Italy, France, Flanders, and "Ingland." On the margins of his closely-covered pages, against his rough jottings, Fane has marked with an initial the name of the country to which each anecdote refers; "Ingland" alone is designated by its first three letters. Below this short table of contents on the title of the quarto is written, in a bold hand:

"Fulbeck, May the 5th, 1672:
I bequeath this booke to my three Grandchildren George Fane, Francis Fane, & Henry Fane, to bee read by them when they shall attaine to years of on & twenty. F. Fane."

The selections (made from the larger volume for his son Francis) are divided into parts, which makes reference easier; but this is a less ample book, and no mention of the gloves that "maser sent to his mistris" has been found in it.

The most interesting records in the Commonplace Book are, as Bullen has said, those about the Court of Charles II, for Fane was in the way of hearing them, if not always at first hand, at least before they had travelled through many mouths. His life was passed between the uneasy times of the Civil Wars and the more settled days of the Restoration. He was a "King's man," unflinching in his loyalty, with a fine contempt for "turn-coats" (such as Monk, Charles Howard and others of their kidney), and when the Civil Wars began, was appointed by the Duke of Newcastle, Governor of Doncaster Castle, and subsequently of Lincoln, which last he "held for the King."

The war does not often trouble the pages of the Commonplace Book, and there was doubtless good reason for this silence. A "King's man," Fane had no desire to recall a struggle that had ended in the humiliation of defeat, the tragedy of Whitehall, and the galling rule of the Protectorate, and so, many of these anecdotes are tales of the Restoration. For Charles's queen he had an evident admiration. He tells us how one night the King had "fained himself ill & lay from the Queen," and how, early the next morning, she went to his room "to see how hee did." Finding him completely recovered, she humbly "offered to goe away," when Charles,

touched by her solicitude, pressed her to stay with him, and "sitt down by him for a while." But catching sight of a slipper that "Nell" had dropped in her hasty flight from the bed, the Queen guessed who must be standing shivering behind the heavy hangings; so telling the King she would not stay "for feare the pritty fool that owed (owned) that little slipper might take cold," she "went her way." Here Fane has drawn for us a more pleasing portrait than ever Kneller painted. He never has a harsh word for "Nell," and he invariably shows us the best side of Charles; possibly he saw no other. He was a man who loved a Rabelaisian jest, and knew no reason why he should be ashamed of his taste. Under the Commonwealth he had lived through days of compulsory rectitude, and these chosen jottings are as much a protest against the chilling spirit of Puritanism as an appreciation of wit that we may find at times a trifle too full flavoured.

Much has been said, much written, of the ingratitude shown by Charles to the old Royalists, and of the bitter resentment felt by the men who had given their all that they might fight wholeheartedly in defence of crown and throne. Of this bitterness, this just resentment, there is little trace to be found through all the medley of the Commonplace Book. Fane, it is true, quotes a few anecdotes in this connection; but it is for their wit. rather than as a possible reproach to the King. Intimate portraits—this is what the Commonplace Book gives us—of Charles II and his Queen; of the Queen-Mother; Nell Gwyn; "Mrs. Carroway"; Tom Killigrew; of a certain Mrs. Hewes (who "sade openly" when dining "wheare Mrs. Rushworth & a great deal of company was" that "Shee thanked God Shee and Prince Rupert were as constant to each other as any man and his wife weare in England"); Ned Wimack, with his grim jest; Peter Apsly, "with the long nose"; Bet Mackerell, "y^{e} Orange wench." We learn something more of the manner of the times from the story told of "Lord Rochester, Lord Middlesex, Lord Sussex & Harry Sauill," who, after "deboshing all night with y^{e} King," on their way to their lodgings came to "y^{e} great diall in y^{e} priuy Garden & sade Kings & Kindoms tumble down"—words that recall

Shirley's famous lament—" & soe shall thou & took it in there Armes & flung it downe."

So they peep at us out of these random notes, and we feel that we know them better—great and little, saints and sinners—than we have ever done when reading more elaborate biographies. One point Fane settles for us. " Harry Fane of Grays-in beinge told that the fyer in :66 was a strange deuourer replyed it mought needs bee soe, when it began in Puddinge Lane & ceased not vntill it came to Py corner " ; this seems conclusive as to the " onlie begetter " of this well-worn comment.

In his later years Fane settled down to a life of leisured ease at his seat " at Aston in Yorkshire," which came to him through his wife; but he kept well in touch with London and his old friends. He made occasional visits to town, bringing back with him more tales for the Commonplace Book, for, though the dedication to his grandsons is dated 1672, it would seem, from some of the notes, that he could not bring himself to part company with the book begun three and forty years before. All the Fanes played with literature as men of their day and rank were wont to do; Fane's son Francis wrote a comedy, *Love in the Dark, or the Man of Business* (1675), dedicated to the Earl of Rochester, and an unacted tragedy, *The Sacrifice* (1686), dedicated to the Earl of Dorset; and Fane's brother Mildmay (2nd Earl of Westmorland) was the author of a volume of poems, *Otica Sacra* (1648).

Fane died at Aston, having outlived his wife by eleven years. The Fane monument in Aston church, where they both lie, states that she " died in the yeare 1669 And of her age 63," and Sir Francis (as attested both on the monument and in the Burial Register) " in the yeare 1680 And of his age 69." The names of their five sons and six daughters are all duly recorded on the monument.

Discretion in Divorce

(20 & 21 *Vict., c.* 85. *The Matrimonial Causes Act*, 1857, *Section* 31.)

By The Rev. J. F. Worsley-Boden, D.Litt.

THE judgment of Lord Merrivale, the President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, in the recent case of *Apted* v. *Apted and Bliss**, has invited considerable criticism. This has shown that there is a measure of opinion, not confined to those who are professed reformers of the English Divorce Laws, which suspects a defect in the law behind the main count in the judgment. It is not suggested that the learned judge defied precedent, for he followed all too faithfully the precedents of the past. Indeed, it might be said that he set a new and confirmatory precedent which will exercise a powerful and reactionary influence in future practice. It is felt that a law which requires such interpretation is defective in construction and inimical to that social well-being which a certain liberty of divorce is intended to secure.

When a petitioner prays for the dissolution of his marriage on the ground of his wife's adultery—and that not merely the single act which is requisite in evidence, but a continuous cohabitation through many years—and his petition fails because he has himself been cohabiting with another woman for a like period, and with whom he has himself committed adultery, the impression made upon many minds is that the law prefers not only to penalize rather than to grant relief, but to perpetuate immorality rather than to use its own procedure to regularize it. In a word, a law which grants relief when one party to a marriage is guilty, but refuses relief when both are guilty, and, as in this case, condemns four lives to further sexual irregularity, is felt to be reactionary.

The President's judgment in *Apted* v. *Apted* was a legitimate exercise of discretion under Section 31 of the Matrimonial Causes Act of 1857. The judgment has behind it the precedent and practice of the courts for

* v. *The Times*, May 20th, 1930; vol. 46, *The Times* Law Reports, p. 456.

many years. But the question arises whether or not precedent and practice have expressed the intention of this section of the Act. When one party petitions for the dissolution of a marriage on the ground of the adultery of the other, if the conditions satisfy the statutory provision of the Act, the court will grant a decree dissolving the marriage. But if the petitioner also has been guilty of adultery during the marriage, or otherwise has set up, in the course of married life or in process of presenting the petition, certain possible disqualifications known as "discretionary bars," the Act gives a discretion to the court to refuse the petition. Such is the purport of Section 31 of the Act. The practice of the courts, however, has been to interpret this latitude, not as a discretion sometimes to refuse relief, but as a discretion to give an exceptional grant of relief. It is a fair contention that the Act intends relief, with an exceptional refusal in flagrant cases; but it is the case that the courts have interpreted the Act as intending refusal, with the exceptional grant of relief in extenuating circumstances. Section 31 of the Act requires that, on proof of the requisite evidence and in the absence of any of the statutory bars to dissolution, the court shall pronounce a decree declaring such marriage to be dissolved; but the words which are relevant to the case in question run as follow:

> provided always that the court shall not be bound to pronounce such decree if it shall find that the petitioner has during the marriage been guilty of adultery, or if the petitioner shall, in the opinion of the court, have been guilty of unreasonable delay in presenting or prosecuting such petition, or of cruelty towards the other party to the marriage, or of having deserted or wilfully separated himself or herself from the other party before the adultery complained of, and without reasonable excuse, or of such wilful neglect or misconduct as has conduced to the adultery.

The words "provided always that the court shall not be bound to pronounce such decree" do not suggest the intention that the court shall generally refuse the petition in the circumstances cited, and occasionally exercise a discretion in favour of a petitioner; but rather that the court shall usually grant the petition, but shall have the power to exercise a discretion to refuse it. If this interpretation of Section 31 be sound, as the plain meaning of words seems to indicate, then the practice of the courts,

which has established precedent in the other sense, requires explanation.

It may be urged that the circumstances of this case of *Apted* v. *Apted* were exceptional, and justified the exercise of discretion against the petitioner, for which, on a showing favourable to petitioners, the Act provides. The only quarrel with the judgment on this count is that, whereas it was in fact a legal and proper exercise of discretion against the petitioner, it was described as a refusal to exercise discretion. But on the larger count of equitable justice, the President has himself on another occasion given judgment in a manner which suggested a more liberal interpretation of Section 31 of the Act than had been customary according to the precedents of 60 years. For in 1920, in the case of *Wilson* v. *Wilson*,* he (then Sir Henry Duke) gave judgment for the petitioner, who had himself been guilty of adultery during the marriage, when the interests of the family were deemed to demand a divorce of the two guilty spouses. This judgment marked a departure from precedent. It was not specifically provided for in the oracular pronouncement of Lord Penzance, whose rules, laid down in *Morgan* v. *Morgan*,† had guided the court since 1869. In that case the judge admitted three causes for the legitimate exercise of discretion (*sic* i.e. in favour of the petitioner):

(1) When, as in *Joseph* v. *Joseph and Wensel*,‡ the petitioner, supposing his wife to be dead, married again;

(2) When, as in *Coleman* v. *Coleman*,§ the petitioner had been compelled by her husband to live as a prostitute; and

(3) When, as in *Anichini* v. *Anichini*,‖ the petitioner's adultery had been condoned and had not contributed to the lapse of the guilty spouse. (The judge appears to have expressed a doubt in the case of (3), but subsequent practice has upheld it.)

Even if, as Lord Penzance hazarded, there might be

* 36 *The Times* L. R., 91.
† L. R. 1 P. and D., 644.
‡ 34 L.J.P. 96.
§ L.R. 1 P. and D., 83.
‖ 2 Curtiss. Ecc. Rep. 210.

other classes of cases which would admit of discretion (as it was interpreted in favour of the petitioner), the principle of the Canon Law was re-enunciated in *Clarke* v. *Clarke** that petitioners must come to the court with clean hands, and that, therefore, discretion in favour of a petitioner who has been guilty of adultery during the marriage was not the practice of the court.

The President's judgment in *Wilson* v. *Wilson* gave cause for the expectation of a larger exercise of discretion, in the customary but not the statutory sense of the word. Such expectation has not been altogether disappointed. In *Apted* v. *Apted* the Attorney-General quoted figures showing that, in the whole period from 1857 to 1919, out of 109 discretion cases, discretion was exercised (i.e. judgment was given for the petitioner) in about half the number; whereas from 1920 to 1929 there were no less than 690 cases in which the discretion was exercised (in favour of the petitioner), and there might be more, not yet available from the records. This great jump could be accounted for in part by a large number of poor persons' cases, which were heard on circuit by King's Bench judges. But there can be no doubt that the discretion had been much more largely exercised than before in favour of petitioners who had been guilty of adultery themselves.

Thus the judgment in *Apted* v. *Apted,* actually exercising the discretion to refuse relief (although described as refusing to exercise the discretion) and dismissing the petition, has been represented not unfairly as reactionary. It is true that the respondent had once obtained a decree *nisi* against the petitioner in 1919, after a petition for a restitution of conjugal rights, and the decree *nisi* had been rescinded on the intervention of the King's Proctor. It is also true that, as in the earlier case, so in that brought by the petitioner in 1929, the facts were not fully disclosed. It is true, again, that the delay in presenting the petition might fairly be called unreasonable. All these counts justify the exercise of discretion against the petitioner as legitimate under Section 31 of the Act of 1857, even though in practice discretion is interpreted

* 34 L.J.P. 95.

in the opposite sense. But, on the larger count, the condemnation of four lives to continued immorality cannot be said to subserve the cause of good morals. This incidence of the law is not humane, but penal. The undue influence of Canon Law principles in present practice gives to the divorce courts in the unreformed state of the law an ineradicable taint of the ecclesiastical inquisition.

But, further than that, the President laid down a new rule of practice: that petitioners who desire the exercise of discretion (as it has come to be understood) must not only state their desire in the petition, as is usual, but must also state, in application for the Registrar's certificate, the circumstances in respect of which the discretion is desired and asked for. It seems inevitable that this judgment of the President and this new rule, requiring detailed disclosure, will militate against relief in cases where, on grounds of social expediency and general welfare, relief is most needed. In present conditions, in which every cause for divorce must be pinched within the definition of adultery, this new rule will lessen the latitude. At a time when, in spite of the failure of the Legislature to enact new causes for relief, there is yet in practice a more humane tendency of interpretation, e.g. to allow habitual drunkenness to rank as constructive cruelty, the new restraint upon discretion presents itself as a measure of rigidity and retrogression.

It will have been observed that in the precedents above quoted, in the statistics furnished by the Attorney-General in court, and in the judgment of the President, the discretion is everywhere treated as a discretion to grant relief, not as a discretion to refuse it. Even when it is shown that the discretion has been more liberally exercised in favour of petitioners, it would be more correctly stated, according to our reading of the Act, that of late the discretion has less frequently been exercised against petitioners. For, in the sense most favourable to precedent and practice, the words of the Act could be taken to mean a discretion either to grant the decree or to refuse it. But that would not allow the use of the word "discretion" as though it meant an exceptional discretion to grant a decree as against a regular rule to refuse it. For, whereas, according to Section 31, above

quoted, "the court shall not be bound to pronounce such a decree," the practice of the courts through 70 years has treated this section as though it required that the court should never pronounce such a decree except in certain cases of humanity and common-sense, which hardly come within the area of judicial discretion, but are, as the President suggested, rather determined by the principle of Estoppel.

The Act of 1857, which, with certain amendments, is still the law of this realm, was carried in the teeth of a large opposition. Ecclesiastical jurisdiction in matrimonial causes was supplanted by that of the newly constituted Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, only after considerable concession to the principles of the old ecclesiastical jurisdiction, which were derived directly from the Canon Law. The survival of the statutory bars —condonation, connivance and collusion, which we omitted as not relevant in our citation from Section 31— is thus explained, and the general interpretation of discretion has been due to a similar spirit of concession. In spite of the new Act, which for the first time granted complete divorces in the royal courts, the temper of the middle and later nineteenth century was unsympathetic to divorce, and the practice of the courts tended to reflect the national feeling. Thus the interpretation of the Act tended in the direction of making divorce difficult. To-day it may be thought that the effect of such interpretation of discretion is both hard and crude.

The correction of this long-standing interpretation in practice is not a mere matter of words. The President's judgment in *Apted* v. *Apted* was perfectly correct under Section 31 of the Act of 1857, which allows discretion to refuse a decree. But the terms of his judgment are questionably described as a refusal to exercise the discretion. Behind this verbal correction lies the intention of the Act. For, whatever defects it has inherited from the Canon Law, the Act has, at least in this matter of discretion, expressed an emphasis in the relevant section, even if it has not made its meaning completely categorical and clear. Two courses of correction are possible. A further Act of Parliament could provide for relief as the general rule under Section 31 of the Act of 1857, defining dis-

cretion as an occasional resort of the Court when the conditions cited in the present Act are flagrant enough to disallow a decree. Or a concerted effort by legal authority might have the right effect; if, for example the Law Lords were to return to the Act and to interpret discretion in defiance of the precedent of years. In the light of the judgment, which has followed precedent in interpretation and has added a precedent of new severity, this reform from within seems at present to be unlikely. Perhaps in some larger measure of reform of the Law in Matrimonial Causes discretion may be defined without equivocation.

The judgment of Lord Merrivale in *Apted v. Apted* has brought the cause for reform of the divorce laws nearer to a head. It is perhaps well that a law which is harsh, defective and inadequate should sometimes be administered, within the limits of legitimate interpretation, in such wise as to throw its harshness into relief, to make its defects clear to common understanding, and to demonstrate its inadequacy in a changing world. The effect will be to concentrate opinion on the need for reform of the law rather than to leave the public mind content with new interpretation of the law as unreformed. The courts administer the law as it is enacted. It lies with the Legislature to enact such amendments of the law as will better reflect the temper of the times.

The Bridegroom

By H. K. Derry

It was ready.

The mud floor had been sprinkled and brushed clean. A pot of wild delphiniums decked the table. The new camp-bed lay beside the old one in the inner room. Juma had been told to wash his shirt. He had thought of everything, and yet . . .

He stood on the cracked earth outside his house, staring at the sun-baked view, while a fierce anxiety tore at his heart.

He had worked for this moment indirectly for four years, and with definite intention for the last ten months. It had held the reason for myriad gruelling days of labour, dreary dusks of solitude, spartan paucity of comforts. It had been the dream country of his mind, in which he had wandered nightly while his body sprawled, slack and aching from the struggles of the day.

And yet, now that it was upon him, this horrifying doubt had crept into his mind, a doubt so devastating that he must hold it frantically at bay if he were to pass in any way adequately through the performances of the next three days.

It was close upon five o'clock, the hour at which, each evening through four slow years, he had tramped, khaki-clad, down to the maize shed to mark the " boys' " work tickets and then strolled up to the verandah to sit silent over a cup of tea, contemplating the *shamba** below.

But to-day he had told his headman to write up the tickets, and from where he stood, smart and uncomfortable in his new flannel suit, he could hear Kipsoi already grumbling to the mules as he pushed them between the shafts of the little cart. In barely ten minutes he would be clattering in a cloud of red dust along the narrow ribbon of a track that ran fourteen rough miles to link the wilderness with the railroad.

When he returned, he would not be alone. That simplicity of interest, that remote life *à deux* which he

* Cultivated land.

had lived for the last four years with his ripening *shamba*, would be ended. She had been a tyrannical mistress, capricious, deceiving, exacting from him the utmost of effort. Daily, yearly he had borne doggedly with her as a means to another, a human companionship. Yet now, as her smooth acres lay before him, smiling under the westering sun, there seemed for the first time something personal and articulate about her; a secret intimacy wrought between them by the worth of his unwavering toil.

She had struggled and opposed, but she had bared her breast at last to the man who had tamed and tended her. To the east the waving green maize shoots were the banners of her surrender; to the west, the confusion of lopped trees her pledge of further docility. Signs immeasurably precious; and it had never occurred to him until this moment that to no one else could they ever bear such significance, that to the unprejudiced vision she must appear as merely an untidy half-cultivated stretch of African earth. Endeavouring now to look at her with an unbiassed regard, as his bride must look in a week's time, he found it impossible. And the thought of alien eyes appraising critically made him suddenly wince and draw his breath. In a flash of horrible insight he saw that they would never understand each other, these two. . . .

A rumble of wheels made him turn, frowning at his thought's extravagance, and step back as the mule-cart swung round the corner of the house, and the ebony groom, smart and immaculate in newly-washed tunic, leapt out to seize the long, suspicious-eared heads of his charges.

At the same instant Juma appeared in the doorway, displaying his teeth as he presented a suit-case, an overcoat, and a brand new double-felt hat. He had never been able to regard the coming of a wife for his master as anything but a humorous fantasy. The only white woman he had ever seen had been Dutch, voluminous and burned a sallow brown, and even his crude imagination boggled at the picture of such a one stretched upon the new camp-bed beside the slim form of his "bwana." He was still smiling as he watched Kipsoi spring up to

the back seat and the buggy bowl noisily away down the stony drive to the plain.

Through the first six miles the veld slept in the bright haze of the tropical afternoon, wrapped in that serene benison of silence which sunlight hours bring to the wilderness. A hundred yards away a bustard hovered, balancing its piebald beauty in the quivering air, and on the skyline a speckled cloud showed where vultures plucked the remains of some sated lion's repast.

He had travelled the road at this hour several times in order to catch the night train to some produce show or farmers' meeting, and always the sunny stillness had bathed him like a balm as he drove between the level miles of grass, now brown and weary, now burnt black, now vivid green after the first long rains. But to-day he felt agonizedly out of tune with it all; found the austere silence unbearable in its invitation to contemplation; experienced an absurd sensation of being shamefully discovered in some civilized scheme of circumstance which to the life around him was completely alien, so that it withdrew itself from him proudly, as if at a betrayal. Loneliness such as he had not known in all those solitary years descended on him suddenly, like a blight. Under the pain of it he urged the mules into an unaccustomed canter, so that they thudded along, grunting their disapproval at every step.

Twilight fell before he had half accomplished the journey, and for the last three miles he could see the lights of the little station colony gleaming straight ahead of him: the postmaster's to the right, Ibraham Bux's store to the left, with the railway station between them, and behind it the confused glow of fires from the native quarter.

Not a soul was abroad as he clattered into the yard behind the low murram platform. The "up mail" train had passed before sundown and the "down mail" was not due for a half-hour. He climbed out of the cart and threw the reins to Kipsoi, telling him in Swahili: "Wait here till I have been to the post office. There may be some message to send back to the headman." Then he strode away down the road and turned sharp left up the gravel path leading to a small cedar bungalow.

The front apartment, which did duty as post office, was empty, but the back one, in which the postmaster spent his domestic hours, was lighted and clamorous with the jabber of voices. The white man skirted the building to knock at the rear entrance, and in a moment an Indian appeared, his arm outstretched to keep back the quaint little figures that crowded behind him to stare at the visitor. His sallow face, topped by a fez, smiled at sight of the Englishman.

"Good evening, Mistair Barlow! You want letters?"

The settler nodded. "Please, Mahomed. I am going on the 'down mail.'"

Pushing his path through the squad of children, the Babu disappeared into the front room, and returned with an orange envelope and a white one.

He explained: "This telegram came Tuesday, just after your boy been for your letters. Veree sorree, but I could not send specially."

The white man took both envelopes. "It's all right, Mahomed. I was expecting one about a boat, but I've allowed plenty of time to get down to the coast. Keep any other letters, will you? I'll be back in a week's time. Good-night!"

He strode away round the corner of the house, ripping open the orange envelope as he went. But the pencilled words were not readable by moonlight, and he halted when he reached the road to pull his flashlight from his pocket.

It was a cablegram sent five days ago from Mombasa, and when he had read it he peered at the postmark on the letter and immediately tore it open also. This was harder to read, and observing that the station platform was now feebly lit in preparation for the train, he strode back to it and stood beneath the oil hanging-lamp, frowning in concentration on the faintly inked lines.

There were not many pages, but he stood so long reading that at last the "down mail," with its crowded vociferous native carriages and its silent half-filled European ones, steamed noisily past him and bumped to a standstill. Immediately the platform became alive with running, blanket-clad figures, laughing, gesticulating, odorous; but still he did not move until a black hand touched his arm and the voice of Kipsoi at his side

inquired, in anxious Swahili, if there were any messages for the headman, and if he were not going to take his seat in the "smoke cart."

Then he roused and stuffed the sheets of paper into his coat pocket.

"No," he said. "I am coming back with you," and turning abruptly, he pushed his way through the chattering black groups to the deserted station yard, where the mules still stood, regarding with the deepest suspicion the diminutive individual holding their mouths. He tumbled a few cents into the child's palm, took the reins and climbed on to the hard seat. A minute later Kipsoi laboured up with the suit-case, heaved it into the back of the cart and clambered after it, his lips pouting sulkily at the thought of the holiday he had intended to take during his master's absence. Presently, however, as he grew tired of watching the white road running away beneath him, he forgot his grievance, and slipping sideways, with his woolly head against the suit-case, he slept.

Moonlight now lay, calm and shadowless, over the level plain, and to the white man there came no sound at all except the wheels' rumble and the soft thud of the trotting hoofs, eager enough now to diminish the miles that stretched between them and their stable. But for a long time he neither saw nor heard, while his brain reiterated the phrase on the cablegram that had altered the whole course of his life and sent him back along the familiar road instead of down to Dar-es-Salaam on the night mail train.

He was not going to be married after all. His bride had cried off at the twelfth hour. A scaring glimpse, caught through another's eye, of inscrutable Africa; a sudden doubt of the stability of her love; or another man, unremote and eager and prosperous—one of these had made her halt when she had accomplished three-quarters of her journey and turn back to the security of civilization. Her letter, written the same day as the cablegram, had not enlightened him as to her reason. But the fact remained. The dreams of four struggling years were to remain dreams. The doubts of the last twenty-four hours would never be put to the test.

For the first eight miles he sat stiffly upright, his brown fists clenched tightly upon the reins, his eyes,

with their premature setting of sun wrinkles, staring unseeing at the road before him. But gradually, as the moon waned and the line of familiar hills, strong and untroubled, loomed nearer, his position eased and the strained set of his mouth relaxed. That old sense of peace, of companionship, which had deserted him so utterly in the afternoon, had returned and was waiting for him, dropping down from the silent slopes of the mountains and stealing across the quiet spaces of the plain. He knew now that if he had brought a bride back with him, he would never have felt it again.

The moon had almost vanished when the mules, toiling up the last stony incline of the drive, brought the buggy to a halt before the thatched verandah of the little house; and Juma, emerging sleepily from his hut to know why Kipsoi was stopping at the front entrance, did not for a moment see his master descending from the driver's seat. Then he ran astonishedly forwards, but the questions died on his lips at sight of the white man's face, and in silence he took the suit-case from Kipsoi and disappeared with it into the bedroom. The buggy rattled round to the stable, and the settler was left alone.

He stood for a long time without moving, staring down into the familiar valley, which, even in the darkness, he could visualize perfectly; the stretch of young maize to the east, the ploughed land in the middle, and to the west the confusion of torn-up trees and smouldering thorn scrub. For four years it had been to him merely a means towards an end; at least that was what he had believed it to be. But now it could become openly what in secret it had always been—an end in itself, a thing to be guarded and cherished, a mistress for love of whom one renounced everything else and with whom one lived alone in happy obscurity. It was natural enough, really. Where one's treasure was, there would always one's heart be, also.

He stood there so long, plighting his strange troth, that Juma had folded up the second camp bed and removed it long before he came into the tiny bedroom, where a hurricane lamp was standing on the rough cedar chest of drawers. The pot of delphiniums still decked the sitting-room table, but the darkness had hidden it as he passed through.

The Freedwoman

By Dorothy Johnson

THERE is a tale, it appears, among the simpler Greeks of an English lord who stole a Greek maiden. His name, incidentally, is given as Milordos—which suggests that he sprang from the same noble line as Monsieur Dumas's Milady. He began with a kind of modesty in rapacity, for of six fair sisters he took only one. We, too, in youth, when we went birds'-nesting, prided ourselves upon stealing in measure. Later, however, it occurred to him that he might as well sweep off the family; and so, at his bidding, under cover of darkness, his Turkish menials crept upon the prey. But suddenly they were appalled to hear, as they stumbled among the rocks and the ruins, the five bereaved maidens crying through the night for their abducted sister. Cries from flesh and blood might not have moved those ruffians, but the maidens in question were of marble; they were the Caryatides of the Erechtheum—even a Turk couldn't stand it. The panic-stricken hirelings turned and fled. What they said to Milordos, or he to them, is not included in the story. But we know that it is true; for the solitary maiden stands to this day in that gallery of the British Museum which bears Milordos's title; and, surely, this is proof.

To a foreign folk-tale one must bow, in any case; international courtesy requires it. A home-grown legend is another matter. One is growing just now, here in England. It is tiny as yet, a meek tip just showing in Letters to the Editor. Its import is that the marble maiden wants to leave us and go home, to resume her place as a pillar in the porch called the Pandroseum. We are invited to see in her a captive, sickening for a clearer air and sun. This seedling may develop. Soon perhaps we shall learn that the night-watchman on his rounds has heard a queer sobbing and sighing. He will deny it afterwards, but while truth is putting on its boots. . . . The proverb is something musty.

Those who want her to go back have cast their wish in this discreet, poetic form. That is how a myth arises; and the only way of opposing it is to start a counter-myth. I would certainly rather do that than argue or

climb into the judge's seat. It is said that Milordos Elgin did amiss in detaching this maiden from her temple. Who am I to decide? Far from me be the arrogance of that young man in the play of *Major Barbara,* who shocked his father by claiming to know the difference between right and wrong. If Lord Elgin did wrong, it was a long while ago. Can a wrong become a right, through the unmarked lapse of time? He got permission from the Turks, who were masters of Greece at that date. Perhaps they had no right to be in Greece at all.

If it comes to that, what right have I to be swaggering about in Britain? My ancestors were coarse, brutal pirates, who burst in without anyone's permission, and drove the rightful owners from the plains to the picturesque discomfort of the mountains. Must I, now that this has occurred to me, withdraw from England with all my race in favour of the men of Harlech? There is no answer but the mere evasion that this crime, too, was committed long ago. Two great families of Florence, the Bardi and the Peruzzi, lent money to Edward III that he might fight the Battle of Crecy. He won the battle, but forgot to pay the debt, for which there can be no excuse. I was loud and hot upon the subject, till I was told that descendants of these creditors are still in obscure existence, and claim from the British Government of to-day some few millions of gold pieces. Is their claim sound, or not? It is not likely to be settled. True, that these wrongs are slightly older than the wrong—if it was one—of carrying off the maiden. None the less, this questionable wrong is old.

And if age makes a wrong no better, but worse, what of the crime concerning these maidens that is so very much older? I mean, the crime of making them—but I have forsworn moral judgments. I will not, then, say that the Greeks did wrong in using the semblance of the human form as an architectural support; but I will say that they themselves thought so, and nevertheless chose to do it, veiling the act with certain devices which betray an uneasy conscience. Columns at their plainest are disturbingly personal, and to walk alone among them often brings now a pleasant sense of company, and now a dread illusion of being surrounded by presences that can see without eyes. They resemble trees that have ceased to grow, but have not lost the power which trees

possess of persuading the fancy that they house living spirits. To carve them into the detailed human shape is to underline the obvious, and to force the spectator's free imagination into an ugly kind of blind-alley. For it cannot easily help seeing, in those dumb and rigid forms, fellow-creatures doomed to a thraldom and anguish that no mortal man could either merit or endure. The Greeks were too clever to be blind to this. They provided various loop-holes, and, in doing so, confessed.

One way of escape was to bring in the legends, old and crude and confused, of the Elder Gods or Titans and the earth-born giants who warred with the Olympian deities. Atlas the Titan, being defeated, was condemned to bear on his shoulders for ever the weight of the firmament. Mountains were piled upon the giants, who might shake them, but never shake them off. Figures recalling these punishments are shown in unmitigated agony. They are not men—what does it matter? And this evil tradition persists. Waiting for a bus in a London street, on a very hot afternoon, I have suffered cruelly with four giants, whom Victorian bad taste has constrained to crouch and writhe under a cornice on some hotel. I could draw no comfort from memories of tales about rebels against Olympus. Apart from their sleek and plump good looks and from certain reputed accomplishments, of which there remains no more proof than there does of Mr. Snodgrass's excellence in poetry, the Olympians had little to recommend them; on the whole, I favour the giants. At least, they are not so remote from me, even when they have grinning masks for faces and snaky tails instead of legs, that my neck cannot ache with theirs.

Now the Greeks who designed the Pandroseum were too subtle for these raw barbarities. "We will carve," they decided, "not grim elder deities, or monsters born of the earth, but maidens both tall and fair. They shall be wholly human and in no wise supernatural; yet we by our art will persuade the gazer that they suffer no pain, but serve willingly. For each maiden shall bend one knee a little as though making light of her task; and her carriage shall be free and noble, with the bosom raised, and the shoulders thrown back, and the head triumphantly upright. Also her robe, from the girdle to the ground, shall fall in straight pleats like the flutings of a column; and her hair shall lie close against her neck

to take from it any look of weakness. And those who behold her shall forget her real burden and take her for an honoured basket-bearer pacing proudly in the holy procession. For the capital that crowns her shall appear no heavier than the baskets borne at the festival, nor will any man give a thought to the roof that rests upon the capital."

It was done, and most beautifully. The exquisite lie was wrought out in marble to the very finest details. And who will say that it was harmless? Great is the power of suggestion; and are we not all too ready to suppose that the burdens of others are featherweights, if those who walk under them bear themselves bravely without signals of distress? Later, the legend of the Caryatides rose like a mist about these maidens and gave them another name. The town of Caryae having turned traitor, its women were sentenced to lifelong slavery and hopeless degradation. These figures in the porch of the Erechtheum represent Caryatides. Here is betrayed a secret consciousness that the maidens are a glorious deceit . . .

But do not let us labour the point, for we are not preaching, but myth-making. It is a game that any number can play at. I accept the story of the stolen maiden, but I think there are a few mistakes. Whether he committed a fresh wrong or not, Milordos did something towards redressing an old one. He bore one Caryatid away, not into, but out of, captivity. He would have freed the rest, but those wicked Turks—some villain or villains we must have for the tale, and surely no one will stand up for *them*?—the Turks, led astray by their bad consciences, mistook the import of those cries in the night. The five sisters were beseeching that they too might be released. This is my version of the myth. I think that our Caryatid wears a look of serene satisfaction. But even if she is reported to be sobbing, I can supply a reason; surely she has good cause to weep for five sisters left in bondage? Rights and wrongs are often debatable, but this is beyond dispute; that a man believes what he wants to believe, not a jot or tittle more or less; and if arguments fail him in urging his wishes, he will make up some sort of a tale.

Svend the Swede

By D. Manners-Sutton

SVEND THE SWEDE came to the Fransch Hoek Valley when he was eleven years old. He came on one Tuesday afternoon in December—one hot Tuesday, when the Drakenstein Mountains which surround the Valley were purple with a heat haze, and the tobacco fields, darkly green with crop, wilted and withered under the rays of a fierce sun. He came barefoot and with a ragged coat upon his back. In one hand he clutched a large bundle, which contained all his worldly belongings (another coat as ragged as the one he wore, a clean shirt and a book on sea-lore) and in the other he held a staff which he prodded into the dusty road to help him on his way.

A tallish boy for his age, loose-limbed and promising to be of Viking build when he attained to manhood; fair of hair and blue of eye, with a forehead remarkably low, and a wide mouth, twisting upwards a little at one corner when he smiled. This was Svend the Swede when he came to the Fransch Hoek Valley in old Cape Colony in the year 1800 on one hot Tuesday afternoon in December.

Svend the Swede had no parents: he had lived, he said, with an old Dutchwoman in Cape Town for some years, but he remembered his own country, Sweden, very well. His father had been a sailor—when he grew up, he was going to be a sailor also. He studied the book on sea-lore which he carried in his bundle from time to time. His father had brought him to the Cape in a sailing-ship—it had been a long journey. Afterwards his father had gone to sea again and had been lost, with his ship, somewhere off Tierra del Fuego.

He, Svend, had continued to live with Mevrouw van Styl, but she was old, and presently she died. On her deathbed she had told Svend of her sister in the Fransch Hoek Valley, who would look after him, she felt sure, if he could only get to her.

The day after Mevrouw van Styl had died Svend had set out on foot to find the Fransch Hoek Valley. A Cape cart going to Paarl had given him a lift for part of the

way, but he had walked the rest. He was footsore and weary; the way had been long.

This was the history of Svend the Swede as he told it to the little circle of Valley residents that gathered about him on the stoep of Tante du Prez's house, where he had sat down to rest for a moment before making enquiries in the Valley for the sister of Mevrouw van Styl. The stoep bordered the roadway and seeing the young lad resting upon it (such a fair lad in contrast to their own swarthy complexions) some of the Valleyites had gathered about him and enquired from whence he had come.

From Cape Town, he answered, and then told them his short life story. Tante du Prez came forth from her house and brought him a cup of coffee and a piece of rye bread. He was thankful for both, and ate and drank greedily as if he had been long without food.

Had he no mother, no aunt, no relatives at all in Sweden? the Valley folk asked.

"None," Svend the Swede answered briefly.

"Sad, sad," muttered the Valley people, shaking their heads.

"Now I must look for the sister of Mevrouw van Styl," said Svend, rising from the stoep.

"She has been dead this long while," someone told him. He could see her grave, if he cared to, in the churchyard.

Svend replied that he had no wish to see her grave, and commenced to walk down the road the way he had come—out of the Valley. Tante du Prez called after him, "What, then, is it you will do next?" He did not know, Svend answered her, without turning round.

"Better it is for you to come back and rest some more upon my stoep," said Tante du Prez. "The sun burns hot upon the roadway, and my stoep is shady and cool."

Svend thanked her and came back.

That was when Svend the Swede was eleven years old; when he was seventeen, he set out from the Valley again, on foot, but with shoes on his feet and a home-spun woollen coat on his back—shoes and coat that had been provided for him by Tante du Prez. For six years he had lived in her tiny house, helping in her kitchen

garden and with the drying of her flax for spinning. She had been as good to him as ever the sister of Mevrouw van Styl would have been, but when Svend was seventeen he left her—the sea was calling, he said.

She packed his bundle neatly for him (it contained an extra jacket, a clean shirt and the book on sea-lore), and from her stoep waved him cheerily on his way. That, the Valleyites told her, was the last she would ever see of Svend the Swede.

But Tante du Prez shook her head. Svend, she replied, would one day grow tired of the sea (all sailors did) and then he would come home. "Home?" echoed the Valley folk. "Is he, then, kin of yours?"

Tante du Prez told them gravely that sometimes, strange though it might seem, the saying "blood is thicker than water" could be reversed.

When Svend the Swede was thirty he came back to the Valley. He was then a tall man, still loosely made, with the appearance that there was not the burden of flesh upon his bones that they had been intended to carry. His fair hair had grown into a kind of close stubble which stood up from his head as if it had been cropped too well and too often, and now did not know which way to grow. He had always been a quiet, reserved boy; as a man he was sullen and taciturn.

"He has had troubles," Tante du Prez retorted, when the neighbours complained of his reserve.

The neighbours nodded together understandingly. "Maybe shipwreck," they suggested.

"Yes, Svend has certainly been shipwrecked," Tante du Prez defended, somewhat in the manner of a hen warding off some threatened danger from a favourite chick.

"He says nothing about it," remarked the neighbours.

"He tells me," Tante du Prez answered them. "Is it that you expect a man to talk about what he has done?"

Done? So Svend the Swede, away where the winds blew saltily and the great combing waves rose in their fury and beat upon the wind, had done something—something wonderful—he was a hero, perhaps. This was suggested to Tante du Prez.

"We are not ones to talk," Tante replied proudly,

thereupon confirming for all time the fact that Svend had a record of unparalleled bravery behind him.

Svend took up the threads of life again in the Valley, and in a very few months it seemed as if he had never been away. He worked again in Tante du Prez's kitchen garden, and the vegetables grew and flourished under his care in a way that they had never done during the years of his absence.

"Does the sea never call you now, Svend?" Tante du Prez asked him one day.

Svend, with glowering eyes and sulky mouth, said that he had done with the sea for ever.

Tante du Prez sighed and did not understand. But, then, there were so many things about Svend the Man that Tante du Prez could not comprehend. His shoulders, broad and strong, but always crouched a little, as if with eagerness to resolve themselves into dangerous action. Strange shoulders for a sailor to possess. And his habit when alone of gazing away to where the high road wound into the Valley between the crags of the Drakenstein Mountains, with a half fearful, half furtive expression in his light blue eyes. Tante du Prez had caught him doing this several times when she had come upon him suddenly either in the kitchen garden or upon the back stoep of her tiny house. Then his clothes—in his bundle, when he came back at the age of thirty, was the suit of homespun woollens that he had left the Valley in some thirteen years before, long outgrown, but not outworn. It was evident that he had not worn the suit overmuch. Tante du Prez had been genuinely puzzled as she had turned the suit about, looking for holes and threadbare patches. There were no holes, and in one of the pockets was the book on sea-lore. The book had the appearance of not having been read much of late.

Tante du Prez sat down upon her front stoep one day and thought it all out. Her brain worked slowly, because she was then of a great age, eighty-one on her next birthday, but it worked surely, so that after some little time, having come to some conclusion about the matter, she rose from her seat and, leaving the cool and friendly shade of her stoep, walked down the road to where the Valley gossips gathered about the village pump.

Mingling with the gossips, she suddenly became expansive upon the subject of Svend's shipwreck, as if he, that day, had just told her all about it. Seemingly it had been a very bad shipwreck indeed—the survivors had spent days in an open boat, drifting hither and thither on the face of a troubled ocean.

The gossips listened to the story eagerly. But why, asked one, who was better informed than the rest, did they drift hither and thither in the little boat? Why did they not hoist a sail and make for land? They always did so in story books.

Tante du Prez did not know. She would ask Svend, she said, and tottered back to her stoep, suddenly a very tired old woman.

She did not speak about the matter to Svend, but, nevertheless, the next time she met the Valley gossips she was well primed with the whole story of the shipwreck, and related it glibly. Those in the boat had not been able to hoist a sail, she said, because there had been no means of making a mast, so they had drifted about for days until they were picked up by a passing sailing vessel; but that had been many days afterwards. It had been a terrible experience.

The news of Svend's days and nights in an open boat spread rapidly through the Valley. Some of the Valley folk sought more information about it—sought it from the Swede himself. They approached him cautiously, however, a little afraid of a man who had undergone such a tremendous tribulation and yet come through it apparently unharmed.

"What is the sea like?" they asked him.

"The sea? Well—'tis blue, and wide, and—salt." The Swede's mouth twisted into that peculiar smile of his as he answered their question. "*Ach ja,* indeed it is very salt," he repeated, and then, as if there were nothing more to be said upon the subject, he left them hurriedly. Svend's reticence was singular, even for a hero, thought the Valleyites, and later said so to Tante du Prez.

"He tells me," retorted Tante.

"What is it that he says, then?"

"All manner of things," returned Tante du Prez, and repeated some of them—strange stories of sea monsters

and storms and wrecks, horrible but diverting. The Valley folk held their breath—the sea, then, was even more terrible than they had imagined it to be. Little wonder it was that one who had sailed it for so long refused to talk about it afterwards.

From that day they left Svend the Swede severely alone. Very few of the Valley residents had ever been beyond the Drakenstein crags, which surround the Valley like a huge rugged wall; one or two went to Paarl on market days; and Jacobus Hugo, the richest man in the Valley, sometimes went to Cape Town. He, then, of all the Valley folk had actually seen the sea—the sea that Svend the Swede had sailed for so many years and had such great adventures upon.

They were clannish people in the Valley—the more epic the Swede's sea prowess became among them, the more they withdrew themselves from him. He was no longer an object of curiosity, but of awe. The little children heard their mothers say, when he passed along the roadway and they stood upon their stoeps: "There goes the Swede. *Ach ja,* a hero he surely is." But the children noticed that the hero was never invited to partake of a cup of coffee with their mothers, nor did their fathers ask him to smoke a pipe with them at dusk; when the day's work done, they wandered leisurely up and down the broad white roadway, smoking and chatting comfortably one with another. And the children, the little imitators, followed their parents' example.

"*Ja, ja,*" they would say, "it must be a wonderful thing to be a hero like Svend the Swede," regarding him from a safe and respectful distance.

No, there was no room in the homes or the hearts of the Valley folk for Svend the Swede. They were the humble folk of the Fransch Hoek Valley; he was a sailor, a Viking, a hero—and between them was the width of the sea, the awesome, mysterious sea of Tante du Prez's recitals.

Curiously enough, Svend the Swede did not appear to resent this attitude towards himself, but there were times when his blue eyes grew to be a little lonely in their expression. It was then that Tante du Prez would go down to the Valley pump and relate, to the gossips

gathered about it, some new story of Svend's adventures; these stories included a fight with West Indian pirates, sporting with mermaids, and being followed by a phantom ship in the Sargasso Sea; each new story being more awe-inspiring than its predecessor.

But Tante du Prez was now old, so old that it seemed necessary that she should die. The winter came upon Fransch Hoek and the Drakenstein crags were snow-capped. A cold wind whistled through the Valley and brought a chill to old bones. Tante du Prez took to her bed—the old *lit close* that her Huguenot ancestors had brought with them to the Valley a hundred years before. It was warm in that bed when the curtain was drawn across the window-opening at the side, but even so, the warmth did not seem to thaw Tante du Prez's old bones that the winter wind had chilled. Joachim de Wet brought a doctor from Paarl to attend her when he came back from market one Wednesday. But the doctor merely shook his head. There was nothing he could do, he said; she was old, so old that she would surely die that night.

But Tante du Prez took long in dying. The snow was beginning to melt from the tops of the Drakenstein crags, and the arum lilies in the fields beyond the river were showing their pale green leaves of Spring, before Tante du Prez's valiant old soul started on its lone journey into the Unknown. It was just before her eyes closed for ever, when a crowd of the Valley folk gathered about the *lit close*, seeking to send her, if not cheerily, at least sympathetically to the Beyond, that she asked to be alone with Svend the Swede.

The Valley folk filed slowly out of her bedroom. Well, it was natural, they thought, that she should wish to be alone with Svend, who had been as a son to her for so long.

In the tiny bedroom Svend knelt awkwardly beside the old *lit close*. Through the window-opening Tante du Prez stretched out a white and wasted hand and laid it lovingly upon his head. "Svend," she said, speaking slowly and with some difficulty, "all these years I have known that which you have to hide."

Svend the Swede bowed his head and was silent.

"How came you to do it?" asked Tante du Prez.

"There was a quarrel on the wharves at Cape Town amongst some sailors; they dragged me into it—they jeered at me—I struck one of them——"

Tante du Prez gave a faint sigh. "I thought it must have been murder," she said, "you were so long away."

"I was young; they gave me twelve years on the Breakwater. Oh, I saw the sea, I never saw anything else but the sea for twelve long years," said Svend bitterly. "When I came back to the Valley I meant to tell everyone where I had been, but——"

"I told them that you had been at sea," interrupted Tante du Prez.

"Those stories," Svend asked. "How did you know them, you, who have never been out of the Valley?"

It took Tante du Prez a very long time to answer, and when her voice came it was faint and far away. "When you were at your hoeing, Svend, I read your book—your book—on—sea-lore."

* * * * * * * *

Svend the Swede sat by the kitchen stove in Tante du Prez's little house. It was his house now, for in the front bedroom the curtain had been drawn across the window of the *lit close;* candles had been lit and placed in long silver sticks on the mantelshelf, and the odour of sprinkled musk was strong in the room.

Tante du Prez had left written word that Svend was to have her house and the money-bag under the flooring-boards in the kitchen, when she died. So that now Svend was a householder and a man of means, for Tante du Prez had been a thrifty woman all her life and the money-bag was no mean-sized one. But Svend the Swede, despite his possessions, was not a happy man. He was alone in the little house, for the Valley folk had withdrawn after the candles had been lit in the front bedroom. The Swede was not one of them; they could offer him no sympathy; besides, hero that he was, he would scorn such a thing. So the Valley people withdrew to their homes and wept amongst themselves, while Svend the Hero sat alone in the little house which was full of the silence of death.

He longed to break forth from it, to rush out into

the roadway, to shout at the top of his voice: "I am no hero; I have never been to sea, prison it was I went to." To break down once and for all the barrier between himself and the Valley people. Even if they drew away from him in disgust when they learned the truth, at least that dreadful barrier of awe and respect would be down, and the barrier that his crime would raise would never be as high.

Svend the Swede, with the utter loneliness of his life full upon him, stirred resentfully in his big chair. Why was it that the foolish Tante had done such a thing? Why had she sought to shut him off for all time from human companionship and human sympathy? Criminals may walk with the throng—heroes, never!

Night came upon the Valley, and in the little house of silence Svend the Swede stirred the fire in the kitchen stove into a blaze. The spring night was warm, but Svend felt that the fire was company. The wood crackled and flared, and its bright light showed on the top-most dresser shelf the row of copper pans that had been the pride of Tante du Prez's heart; she had polished them till they shone like round red suns. They seemed now to glow with a kind of warm radiance, as if reflecting the love that had been bestowed upon them. Svend the Swede, as he settled himself more comfortably in the big old armchair beside the stove, felt himself basking in their warmth. All irritation left him. He thought of Tante du Prez kindly again. Did he not owe her everything in the way of home and comfort that had ever been his?

She had said to him once: "It was denied me the right to marry, Svend. My man was *bijwoner* to Jacobus Hugh, but just a short while before our wedding a bale of tobacco fell upon him; it hurt his back and in a few months he died. I had wanted a son by my man, but it could not be. Then when my sister Betje married, I said: 'Now I will have a nephew who will be to me as a son, and I will leave all my money to him when I die.' But my sister Betje was barren, and so the neighbours took to laughing at me and teasing me and calling me *tante*, for they knew about my wish and knew that it would never be fulfilled. Gradually, however, their

laughter and their teasing died away, but still their name clung to me, and I did not mind it. I used to imagine a little nephew by my side sometimes, clinging to my skirts, to my hand, perhaps, for guidance. Then you came into my life, and I said: 'Here now is a lonely little orphan boy, shall I not be as kin to him and earn the right to the name that the neighbours have given me?'"

Svend the Swede mused over these words as he sat by the kitchen stove. Had not the good Tante kept her word and in very truth been kin to him? Clothed him, fed him, loved him and if she had guarded him overwell, was that not only another proof of the great love of her valiant old heart? Yes, he owed everything to Tante du Prez. The copper pans on their high shelf glowed down upon Svend the Swede; he felt their light upon him and it gave him a great feeling of satisfaction —and of safety. He felt that his world was within their circle of light and he wanted nothing beyond it.

He sat for some little time comfortably without thinking, and then once again the idea rose in his mind, yes, he owed everything to Tante du Prez. Well, he would pay his debt in the way that would please her best. Rising from his chair, he made his way to his bedroom, stooping his huge frame under the short doorway. He would get that book on sea-lore and read it again; he had almost forgotten its contents, and the Valley folk, now that Tante du Prez was gone, might ask him things—things about the sea, and he would have to answer them as glibly as she had done.

When Night Comes Down

By C. B. Armstrong

WHEN night comes down, and ships put out to sea,
And trees are shapes, and facts are mystery,
Passions and fears prevail, and reason dies,
And God is distant in the starlit skies.
Yet day will dawn, and reason conquer dream,
  And if a life or two goes out to-night,
The others will be there, and all will seem
  The same, so little will have changed to sight.

The voyagers will land, who passed in sleep
Over green caverns of the monstrous deep.
The leaves will shine and rustle; who should care
If some have fluttered down that once were there?
Some will have sinned, some slept, and some be spent
  A little more in worry, pain or fear;
But few will tell the haunted way they went,
  When night came down, to any mortal ear.

Back to familiar grooves the souls awake;
Coward, lover, reveller, and dreamer take
The forms men know them by, the paths they know,
And, moving in the stream, scarce feel its flow.
Yet are they nearer . . . something. Is it night
  Or day eternal? Is it night for those
Who live in their night wanderings, and a bright
  Hard day for reasonable folk? God knows.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Those Eugenists.

"You were at Young Winter's wedding this morning, I hear, Sar'nt," remarked Heddle.

"I was that," said Sergeant Murphy. "'Amid the fashionable throng that clawed their way to the refreshment table I kem across Sergeant Murphy with a quart bottle of beer firmly clutched in his great fist.' That's what some gossip-writer will be sayin' in the mornin' papers."

"Handsome couple they made."

"As handsome as ever I seen," was the reply. "As I stood in the aisle on wan foot, me ould corn havin' staged a successful comeback, I thought to meself, 'This can't go on much longer. This is wan of Liberty's last flings in the mathrimonial line. Soon Science will be stage-managin' them affairs, selectin' the cast and so on."

"What's the idea?" asked Heddle. "What's Science got to do with marriage?"

"Nothin' so far, but it's goin' to have everythin' to do with them in the future. Have you ever heard tell of the Eugenists?"

"Do you mean Bolshies?"

"In a way yes, but not the Russian wans in the whiskers and top boots. These are scientists—fellahs that meet wance a year and tell each other and the world that until marriages are conthrolled be knowin' men like themselves, the offspring'll be somethin' that a sane registhrar would take his coat off to the father sooner than give a certificate for.

"There's a report in the paper of their last meetin', and grand readin' it is.

"'We've rationalized business,' says it. 'We've rationalized the banana and made it curvey for packin' purposes. We've rationalized the pistachio nut so that it breaks in two be itself as it falls from the three and—stop me if I'm wrong—assembles in groups of thirteen, countin' as twelve, to make it easy for the checkers. We've rationalized bookmakin' be means of the Tote. Now we're goin' to rationalize marriage.

"'Look what we've done to racehorses,' it says. 'And bees. Why, be matin' selected specimens we've produced

a fellah with an exthra sthripe round his middle and no sting. And shorthorns and pouter pigeons and Poms. Sure, if we were put to it we could breed a prayin' mantis that could pray the blond head off Aimee MacPherson. So let's have a go at old Homo Sap, as our colleague, Misther H. G. Wells, with quiet resthrained humour calls him.'

"Homo Sap, I'd like to tell you, Heddle, is you and me and the chap that calls for the instalments on that rotten wireless set of yours and our opposite numbers in the female line."

"But what are they going to do?" asked Heddle.

"They're goin' to see that A doesn't marry B unless it's laid down in the tables that they're the right mates for wan another. Up to now young fellahs and girls have been doin' unscientific things like fallin' in love and gettin' married on the strenth of it. In the future a man will have himself summed up be a scientist and it'll all be printed on a chart which he'll carry about with him like a passport. And if ever he webs into a registher office and wants to give an 'I will' performance, the registhrar will have to examine the charts of the high conthractin' parties and see if the blend is goin' to turn out all right. And if he doesn't think it is, he'll turn them out all right.

"The result will be that childhren of all marriages will bear the National Mark, like beef, and will be guaranteed."

"Guaranteed what?" asked Heddle.

"Guaranteed eugenic childhren," answered the Sergeant. "Though the divil a know I know what they're goin' to breed for. Some scientists would vote for a race of large people like Carnera, others would prefer Bernard Shaws, more would insist on a race of scientists, though without the bald head and the specs. And fanatic stamp-collectors, I suppose, would clamour for a race that could recognize the oblong Siam twopenny 1893 at a glance. But the main point, I think, is to breed a race that'll have no more feelin's or passions than a wooden Highlandher."

"That's all bunkum," said Heddle. "The present way of marrying has done all right."

"Has it?" said the Sergeant. "I'm not so sure of that. For wan thing—it's produced the Eugenists."

"Unnatural? . . These Things are Life"

By Horace Shipp

The Barretts of Wimpole Street. By Rudolf Besier. (Malvern Festival, transferred to Queen's Theatre.)
Street Scene. By Elmer Rice. (Globe Theatre.)
The Devil's Disciple. By Bernard Shaw. (Savoy Theatre.)
The Far-off Hills. By Lennox Robinson. (Everyman Theatre.)

WHAT a phœnix this theatre of ours is! Just when the most final of obsequies is being read by the wiseacres, it rises from the pyre of blazing Hollywood in the glory of the finest feathers. The autumn season in London has started with a bold spreading of wings. Every type of entertainment seems worthily represented; the best work from last season has outlived the summer; and the new productions show an encouragingly high level in face of this fact. We need not be ashamed of a theatre which boasts two Shakespeare productions, Wilde, Shaw, Molnar, and two Lennox Robinson plays, alongside a goodly representation of other successful work. The newcomers show no falling off, nor are they likely —if I dare act as prophet—to be less popular. *The Barretts of Wimpole Street,* Rudolf Besier's play which we saw at the Malvern Festival this year, has truth, beauty, intelligence, and the kind of appeal which makes it a certain box-office success. Elmer Rice's *Street Scene* is a triumph of tragic sincerity and again is sure to draw the town. In lighter fare, *Charlot's Revue* at the new and beautiful Cambridge Theatre in Seven Dials is of the best of its kind, and the new musical show, *Frederica,* at the Palace, is as right as can be. An experiment in repertory at the bold little Embassy Theatre gives us Lennox Robinson's *Give a Dog* ——, and the same eminent Irish author is to be seen at the Everyman Theatre with his merrily philosophic comedy, *The Far-Off Hills.* I think the theatre is not dead; nor need we blush for it.

Outstanding among these new productions are Mr. Besier's fine play upon the Browning love romance and Mr. Rice's brilliant study of tenement life in modern New York. *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* was the novelty of the Shaw Festival, and it can have no higher praise than the fact that it held its own in the midst of the well-produced and well-acted repertory of his plays which

made the event at Malvern so strikingly successful. It achieved that success because it proved to be much more than an idyll of the love match of the two poets, and took its place as a study of social conflict between the inhibitive family morality of the early Victorian era and the new spirit which such a free soul as Elizabeth Barrett exemplified. There seemed the possibility that it might be side-tracked as a *succès de scandale* around the personal character of Edward Moulton-Barrett, and there were vague rumours of family interference and censorship. Such personalia would serve little real purpose. Perhaps the dramatist, with his dark hints of repressed sex obsessions, has overstepped the line, crying Freud where there was no Freud, but the biographies have never been very kind to Moulton-Barrett *père*. Anyway, it is happier to see this play as a study in social manners of a period and to see its participants as symbolic figures in a dramatic conflict. In the five scenes enacted in Elizabeth's bedroom we have that symbolic study worked out in its completeness. An era is indicted; a study in the evolution of freedom presented. We see the harshness of Puritanism turned bitter; the faith and courage of those two spirits who dared to claim their right to live their own lives subject to their own high conceptions of duty and righteousness. There is pathos and humour, beauty and ugliness, comedy and deep tragedy in this peep into the Barrett household, as well as the telling of as lovely a romance as history affords. Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies's playing of Elizabeth Barrett alone would carry this play, but its richness of essential humanity and the whole quality of it make *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* a contribution to literature and the theatre.

So, indeed, is Mr. Elmer Rice's *Street Scene*. We know him in this country as an expressionist and the author of *The Adding Machine*. In this new piece he has proved himself in a technique of ultra-naturalism, taking a slice across life as it reveals itself on the front steps of a typical New York tenement block and showing a pattern of interwoven fate, with strands of love and hate, birth and death, hope and despair, beauty, ugliness, happiness, misery, all that goes to the making of our queer human destinies. As the characters come and go on their normal daily round, the whole kaleidoscope

shakes itself out before us. It is fundamentally tragic, but its tragedy is shot through with beauty and understanding and illuminated with the great pity which the contemplation of humanity as it really is invariably affords. It is magnificently produced and splendidly acted by an enormous cast, from which Erin O'Brien-Moore and Mary Servoss stand out as a mother and daughter bearing the full brunt of tragedy in their passionate love of life, while Stanley Vilven holds the comedy palm for his vivacious study of an Italian tenement-dweller. If *Street Scene* succeeds, and I believe it will, the triumph will be yet another for sincerity and steadfastness of purpose in dramatic authorship, and a London audience will prove again that it can give great reception to fine work.

Against this piece Mr. Lennox Robinson's *The Far-Off Hills*, for all the goodness in it, seems a little stage-made. There are first-rate moments, rich comedy and understanding of human nature, and, of course, there is the mine of Irish wit and dialogue in the hands of the Irish players. Out of these elements a rich entertainment emerges, and if it be spoilt at all, it is by the author's theatricalism and his imposition of his theme upon the characters. Not that he proves his thesis, for at least half his people find the far-off hills fully up to expectation when they arrive at them. Nevertheless, it is good Irish comedy; and we will not ask an Irish author for Anglo-Saxon consistency, but accept his charming vagaries and wish that the theatre never sent us worse fare.

Finally—a spot of sauce piquante to so much eulogy—may I register a critical grumble against Sir John Martin Harvey's production of *The Devil's Disciple?* Why did he do it? One can only suspect some gallows-complex if psychologists have yet registered one: but this melodramatic, overdressed, posturing, full-blooded Only-Wayism has nothing to do with Shaw's cerebral drama. Why did the dramatist, who is usually so fastidious about methods of presenting his work, allow this masquerade of his intentions? It is a far, far worse thing than Sir John has ever done before, although for my own taste the best of his kind are but shadows of that life which makes drama truly significant.

Books

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH. By HERBERT E. PALMER. With Foreword by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. Murray. 3s.

MR. PALMER, who to-day writes verse of distinction, has founded this little book on three articles he wrote for this REVIEW some years since. He has had twelve years of experience in English schools, and nearly two in French schools, besides educational work in Germany, and his brief and practical chapters deserve wide attention. They are free from the pedantry which makes educational literature unreadable, and they include a good selection of books for use in form work. On that side education is well served, but we find here justifiable criticism of the Board of Education and the teachers who follow it by putting unsuitable books and subjects before their pupils. We were amazed a few years ago to discover that young boys were expected to appreciate Meredith's novel, "The Egoist," and a University Board of Examiners has, it appears, put questions equally unsuitable. It is really silly to propose Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque" for children from 13½ to 14½, and one would like to examine the bumps of the official who made the recommendation. Considering the vast sums spent on education, the public is entitled to expect good sense from those in control. Like other wise men, Mr. Palmer protests against the undue stress laid on examinations. The London matriculation authorities now control a test which seems to be the universal aim of pupils. It is a pity, Mr. Palmer suggests, that they do not

> institute a comprehensive oral scheme and enter into co-operation with the teachers who, surely, should be quite as capable (in secondary schools) of deciding who are eligible for entering the universities as their authorities themselves are.

Many of the friends of education have been saying this for some time. The teacher knows better than anybody what his pupil is worth, and examiners may conspicuously overrate or underrate those who come before them. A wide choice of questions, as in the English Tripos at Cambridge, should give a chance for the exhibition of independent thought and reasoning power as well as the facts that can be crammed. Altogether too much is expected of boys in the way of essays; letter-writing is more important, and Mr. Palmer sensibly suggests that "a whole term's work in some instances might be devoted" to it.

English is well provided with books on Natural History, a subject which may lead to much solid pleasure in later life, and here the youngsters of to-day can easily improve on the knowledge of the average adult, if they are properly taught. If English had been carefully spoken and more correctly written in the past, by this time it would be something like a universal language.

But mumbling and sloppy inaccuracy are far too common. Study of the meaning of words is fascinating and can be begun in early years: all children should be encouraged, if not compelled, to keep a dictionary and search out derivations. Thus they can insensibly enlarge their vocabulary.

As Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch says, the book is one which "grips and holds the root of the matter." But where did he learn that Scott was "accounted a dull boy at school?" He was a clever idler, casual except when he was interested, but Dr. Adam of the High School of Edinburgh perceived and used his capabilities, and the boy who always fingered a button when he answered a question, and had it cut off by the young Walter, could have told of his observant ingenuity. V. R.

REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH POEMS. Selected by A. J COOMBES. Harrap. 2s. 6d.

THIS anthology is designed for the use of senior classes in secondary schools who should, as the selector says, "make first-hand acquaintance with some of the characteristic work of the greatest of our poets." Ranging from Chaucer to Browning, Mr. Coombes has wisely included some longer poems such as "Lycidas" and Gray's "Elegy," as well as lyrics and a few pieces from Elizabethan drama. The extracts from Shakespeare are good but we should have found space for the supreme pathos of *King Lear*. We are glad to see selections from Cowper, Byron, and Blake—the last-named now receiving among readers the attention which is his due. In printing lines 73 and 74 of the "Elegy,"

> Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
> Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray,

Mr. Coombes makes the sober rustics keep near the very excitements they avoided. Gray's comma at the end of the first line avoids any such misunderstanding. Shortened words like "custom'd" are sometimes reproduced and sometimes printed without the apostrophe. A few notes at the end explain words and allusions which may be obscure to the young learner.

THE ENGLISHMAN AND HIS BOOKS IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY. By AMY CRUSE. With 32 illustrations. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

TEACHERS might well take to this lively and well-illustrated book. It is very reasonable in price and both pleasant to read and judicious in its detail. Mrs. Cruse has taken pains to discover what was being read at the period by the ordinary public as well as the *literati*. She puts before us the subscribers to "Camilla"; specimens of the Minerva Press, which produced sorely tried heroes and heroines, a fortune for the publisher William Lane, and copious tears from sympathetic readers;

THE DIARIES OF ROBERT FULKE GREVILLE

relating to the intimate and private life of George III. Edited by F. McKno Bladon. With a Foreword by Frances, Countess of Warwick.

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Robert Greville, third son of the first Earl of Warwick and cousin of Charles Greville of "The Greville Diaries" fame, was Equerry and Groom of the Bedchamber to George III for 38 years, and has left behind him an exceedingly interesting series of diaries, recording much which has not hitherto come to light of the intimate and personal daily life of his King at St. James's, Windsor, Kew and Weymouth. The author accompanied George III to Naval and Military Reviews, to meets of the Royal Stag Hounds and Lord Poulett's Harriers, and on informal visits to many private houses; he was in constant attendance upon him during his illness and insanity of 1788, and during his subsequent visits to Weymouth. These first-hand records of George III, his court and the politics of the time have considerable historical value and make entertaining reading.

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the slow rise of Wordsworth to recognition; the success of the Waverley Novels; and characteristic scenes at Holland House and a supper at Lamb's. Working-men readers are seen busy with the dismal books of the economists, while fashionable society indulges in drawing-room books as articles that would, the hostess thought, "make a good impression on her guests." Mrs. Cruse thinks that "the drawing-room book, as a class by itself, is dead." But are there not large and expensive volumes on art which serve a similar purpose?

A hundred years ago readers were, of course, very much less numerous than they are today, but they were infinitely keener. A new poet produced a real excitement among young gentlemen who now keep most of their enthusiasm for some form of sport. London today has no salon of importance; the novel has been so overdone that no one can pretend to see, much less read, all that is worth reading; and literature for most people is a giddy parergon.

How far we have travelled in freedom of manners from Mrs. Cruse's period! Then the young ladies had to be surreptitious about "Tom Jones," and one heroine in an "improving" novel became quite faint after making such an exhibition of herself as to dance a waltz with a nobleman whose limbs were models of perfect symmetry. Mrs. Cruse uses such forgotten fiction to

fill out her pictures and evidently knows her period very well. We miss, however, any reference to the writings of Theodore Hook. She does not enter into the reasons which led to the success of much second-rate stuff. One of them was the vogue of sentimentalism; another the charm of the notorious. Mrs. "Perdita" Robinson wrote with amazing celerity, adorned the columns of the *Morning Post* and sold out her novel on the day that it was published.

Those who use the book for study should notice that the author mingles real and imaginary talk and characters of fiction, such as Captain Arthur Donnithorne, with real people. The index will assist to clear up such difficulties. We can hardly suppose that all the knowledge Mrs. Cruse takes for granted is widespread today.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

ORIENTAL MEMORIES OF A GERMAN DIPLOMATIST. By FRIEDRICH ROSEN. With 28 illustrations. Methuen. 15s.

DR. ROSEN'S brilliant career as Consul in Syria, Palestine and Persia, and his admirable scholarship in Arabic and Persian, are well known to every Orientalist and traveller in the Near East, where he spent most of his official life. He has also been head of the Oriental department in the German Foreign Office, and became Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1921. These "memories," however, refer to an earlier time and close with the end of the last century. A true German and a warm admirer of the ex-Kaiser, whom he knew personally, and met on the celebrated occasion of the Emperor's visit to Jerusalem, he rigidly abstains from political views, and apart from a study of Bismarck's policy, into which he was drawn by the sight of the deposed Chancellor's departure from Berlin, and a few strictures on French activities in Syria, there is nothing to show his bias on international questions. He is singularly fair-minded and generous in his references to statesmen and writers who afterwards became conspicuous in their attacks upon German policy and operations of war. During his nine years in Persia as *chargé d'affaires* at Teheran and Consul at Baghdad, he met many of the best-known English diplomatists and travellers, and was friendly with all. Sir Arthur Nicolson (Lord Carnock) was his host in 1887, and charmed him as he did everybody, but perhaps his favourite ambassador was Sir Frank Lascelles, whose great merit seems to have been his superb (apparent) indolence.

Dr. Rosen compares him to the two brilliant Hardinges, one of whom, Sir Arthur, in later years, was his colleague at Lisbon. It was at Lascelles's Legation at Teheran that Dr. Rosen met his talented daughter and her friend, Gertrude Bell, whom he

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René Quinton was a distinguished French scientist who, during the War, achieved a record of almost unparalleled distinction. His reflections, cast in the characteristically French epigrammatic form, are not, however, merely comments upon the nature and conduct of war. They form, as Mr. Jerrold points out, a coherent thesis upon the philosophical bases of civilization, the ideas " qui font que les races persistent ! "

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Mr. Britten Austin has presented in this book twelve imaginative episodes of history which summarize the social progress of mankind from its remote beginning until today. The book is designed to raise the questions :—Are we progressing towards a millennium? Are we indeed progressing anywhere?

THE END OF THE WORLD

By GEOFFREY DENNIS, Author of " Mary Lee," " Declaration of Love," " Harvest in Poland," etc. 8*s.* 6*d. net*

This book is an enquiry after the manner of Sir Thomas Browne. Of its genesis the author himself says : " I have long been interested in this special point of the end of this physical globe because it seems quite fantastically ignored by all reformers, progress people, political writers and indeed everybody. They all completely ignore it; think it naïve to refer to it. I think it is they who are naïve. Therefore for years I have thought it interesting to speculate on how this event, the answer to and conclusion of all their strivings, would come to pass, and this book is the result of those speculations."

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afterwards knew at Baghdad, and, like everyone else, he was impressed by her personality. He says nothing about her Arab sympathies, with which he had little in common, for his opinion in his early days at Jerusalem, where his father was Prussian Consul, remained fixed:

> There was no "Arab movement" in those days, either in Palestine or elsewhere; and, in fact, the so-called "Arab movement" is an entirely European invention devised to promote the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire.

The Russian Minister at Teheran was a little straitlaced, and would not allow his daughter to join the English girls at tennis, as "the light attire of the young men, a flannel shirt and flannel trousers 'attachés seulement par un mouchoir,'" shocked Muscovite propriety. Dr. Rosen's description of life in Persia is much like E. G. Browne's fascinating "Year Among the Persians," and he found the same devotion to thorough-going tippling and the same multitude of princely telegraph clerks, due to the institution of polygamy.

There are a number of characteristic stories in these "Memories," and some amusing anecdotes about Constantinople in the days of Sir Stratford Canning which are quite unknown to his biographers. The most charming and vivid pictures centre round Dr. Rosen's early days in Jerusalem, when the Holy City had not been invaded by a host of miscellaneous Zionists, and there was

not a single house outside the walls. He laments the change, with reason. He says that no one can write well except in his own language. All we can add is that he writes admirable English. Some of the sketches by his mother of Palestine in the old days are quite delightful.

S. L.-P.

TRANSLATIONS OF ANCIENT ARABIC POETRY, CHIEFLY PRE-ISLAMIC, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES. By CHARLES JAMES LYALL. Williams and Norgate. 10s. 6d.

EVERY Orientalist has delighted in the late Sir Charles Lyall's exquisite translations of early Arabic poetry, and the family of the author and the publishers have done well to reprint these beautiful poems, which first appeared in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal half a century ago. No one has caught the true spirit of pre-Islamic poetry more intimately than Lyall. His translations are marvels of scholarship and insight. His attempts to reproduce the original Arabic metres are full of ingenious facility, and one or two of these metres are happily not very unlike a well-known English form. No one can read these translations without a clear vision of the Arab life and mind in the fine days before there was any talk about an "Arab movement." But why should this pretty little volume be "printed in Saxony," well as it is done?

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ISLAMIC CULTURE: THE HYDERABAD QUARTERLY REVIEW. Edited by MARMADUKE PICKTHALL. Vol. IV. No. 2. April, 1930. 5s.

UNDER Mr. Pickthall, well known in bygone years as an expert on Turkey, this Review has attained and maintained a high standard of scholarship and research. The number before us includes an article on Akbar by Prof. Margoliouth and another on the difficulties of reproducing the fine style of the Koran in translation. The analysis of earlier numbers shows that Oriental scholars all over the world have contributed to the Review, such as Prof. Zetterstein of Upsala, Prof. Rushbrook Williams, and Prof. Nicholson of Cambridge, a masterly translator of Eastern mysticism. The singular beauty and distinction of the East have a real appeal today to our own drab civilization, and one cannot help noticing the regard paid to the savant, who is lucky if he gets any solid recognition in the England of today.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

GEORGE ELIOT: A STUDY. By J. LEWIS MAY. Cassell. 15s.

J. W. CROSS did not make a success of his biography of George Eliot; so Mr. May's memoir may well serve to bring before the general public a story-teller who, at present under a cloud, is bound to return to favour. He writes effectively, though he is too fond of introducing scraps of French, and he has rightly emphasized George Eliot's chief claim to recognition. Mary Ann, later Marian, Evans, included two persons who sometimes clashed and spoilt each other. The one was a learned lady with a tremendous zeal for reading solid books and culture generally; the other was a story-teller with a genius for re-creating that rural England which is passing from us never to return. In George Eliot's best books that Midland region which produced Shakespeare shines in a golden haze embellished by memory. The parsons, the farmer and his wife, the common people pass before

us in a pathetic and sometimes pungent parade which elder lovers of the English countryside know to be admirable in its truth and humour. The aunts, too, are perfect, those elderly, selfish, strong-minded women who are always pessimists, for they are always afraid that, when death comes, some money will go out of the family.

It was, as Mr. May points out, Lewes, the vivacious and irrepressible, who made all this possible, acting the perfect husband to the sensitive and easily depressed artist. He sheltered her from the world and made his own considerable literary work secondary to her own. With all her learning and sense of duty, George Eliot was a very human figure, so much in need of love that her second marriage does not astonish us at all. Marriages are often incalculable to any third person, things not always to be understood by high and dry critics like Leslie Stephen, as Mr. May indicates. If the saintly Dinah married Adam Bede, and Maggie deserved something better than her Stephen, was not Dorothea deceived in Casaubon and likely to be ill-mated in her second choice? We can say that these things are not as they should be, but not that they are unlikely.

We agree heartily with Mr. May as to the best things George Eliot gave the world, but we plead for more recognition of that really great book, "Middlemarch." The noble Dorothea, whose beneficent powers give

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a grave beauty to the last sentences of the book, was certainly not a self-portrait or idealization of the author, whatever the general opinion may be. She was founded on that brilliant and delightful woman who married, first, Mark Pattison, and later, Dilke. Mr. May refuses to re-read "Daniel Deronda," much of which is, indeed, tedious, but he admits that the story of Gwendolen has charm and subtlety. Here (Book II, Chap. 15) is an admirable saying; "A difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections," and though George Eliot could be heavy enough with her too learned English, her distinction in the aphorism has hardly, we think, been realized. We do not mean Mrs. Poyser, who has long since conquered the world and has supplied in our hearing incisive remarks to the disputants of Labour, but phrases like "There is no action possible without a little acting," and "It is always at their peril that our friends turn out to be something more than we are aware of."

Whatever the disabilities George Eliot imposed on herself by her views about religion, they do not appear in her books, as foolish critics have declared. We think, however, that she pondered steadily the Greek doctrine of Nemesis, which she put in the couplet:—

> Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
> And what we have been makes us what we are.

Mr. May mentions Sophocles in his last sentence. This reminds us that, according to Jebb, she "was the modern dramatist (in the large sense) most like him." He found that she herself acknowledged the Greek influence. This was on the Cambridge visit which Myers later recorded, as Mr. May remarks, "in the impassive, almost hierophantic style which he never laid aside." Myers, however, laid it aside in a comic Pindaric ode announcing the coming of the Sibyl,

> Man-named, anonymous, known of all, George Eliot, wiser than the wise.

DOCTOR DARWIN: A BIOGRAPHY. By HESKETH PEARSON. Dent. 10s. 6d.

THIS is one of the most amusing biographies we have seen for some time. Of Erasmus Darwin the average reader knows no more than that he wrote dull verse long since out of date and was the grandfather of the great naturalist. A few may recall the brief memoir of him in Samuel Butler's "Evolution Old and New," containing select anecdotes which have also, we notice, appealed to Mr. Pearson for publication. Being a descendant of the great doctor, he has got hold of unpublished sources and made admirable use of them, giving us just enough of a tedious writer like Anna Seward and a spiteful lady critic who was shocked by Darwin's indifference to religion. Darwin was certainly a great doctor, ahead of his time in many ways, and but for his

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views and his sarcastic tongue, which lost nothing by a stammer, his fame would have been more widely extended. With his friends he was the most genial and generous of men, and they were a remarkable group, including Boulton and Watt, Wedgwood and Priestley. The Lunar Society which they started must have been unequalled in England at the time for varied talent. Among the quainter friends were Edgeworth, the inventor, and the ridiculous Thomas Day, whom Mr. Pearson diverges to consider at length. We do not blame him for that, since Day's matrimonial adventures are irresistible.

The Doctor himself is a delightful character, full of go, and we do not wonder that after his first wife died he was able, though fat and elderly, to secure a fascinating widow whose husband had conveniently died. He disliked " vinous fluid," and there is contemporary evidence that the people of Nottingham, whom he addressed from a tub in a rare Pickwickian state of vinous exhilaration, were too frequently devotees of the bottle. The extracts from his Commonplace Book show his success and originality in treatment. He actually proposed a transfusion of blood, and would have carried it out if the patient had not been a peeress whose death would have caused a great fuss. It is clear that in one case he over-used Digitalis, though he might have learnt from the book of a local doctor of the time that " This Herb will Vomit very smartly," but " weakly Persons should not venture upon it."

All the literary works of the doctor deserved, we fear, the ridicule of the *Anti-Jacobin* in " The Law of the Triangles." He himself provided a parody of the manner of Pope in his antithetical, tumid and unimaginative verses. From the first part of " The Botanic Garden," which followed the second, an amusing catalogue might be compiled of the subjects included, from electricity, volcanoes, the common pump and the steam engine, to the tornado, the plague in Holland, the circulation of the

blood, Wedgwood's porcelain, the slave trade, and the Duke of Devonshire's ideas on architecture. Humour seems to be an intermittent gift in the Darwin family, and fortunately for us Mr. Pearson is well endowed with it.

FAMILY ORIGINS AND OTHER STUDIES. By the late J. HORACE ROUND. Edited with a Memoir and Bibliography, by WILLIAM PAGE. Constable. 25s.

Mr. Page has done very well a work which was worth doing, since Dr. Round was unequalled in his special lines of history and genealogy. Any article of his is of value, and the essays here first collected are good reading for the specialist. Round was the grandson of Horace Smith the humorist and probably as Mr. Page remarks, derived from him

> his ready wit, quick perception, and clear brain together with his marvellous memory and facile pen.

"Ready wit," however, of the pleasant sort did not figure in Round's writings. He was bitter and waspish in controversy, and if he enjoyed these battles as a tonic to ill-health, editors naturally fought shy of his abusive pen. His career suggests to us Johnson's maxim that "it is dangerous to be too long or too rigidly in the right." But there can be no doubt about the quality of his research. He was early recognized as an authority on Domesday and he found some serious holes in Freeman's views. He played a leading part in deciding on the claims to the office of Lord Great Chamberlain referred by King Edward to the Committee for Privileges of the House of Lords, and in 1914 became Honorary Historical Adviser to the Crown in peerage cases. He always refused money for his work and was indignant at the lenient views of the authorities and the mismanagement of evidence by advocates less expert than himself. When he was not well enough to keep his position, he still continued his interest in noble genealogies. The amount of work recorded in the Bibliography is amazing in view of his poor health. The papers printed on the origins of the Cavendishes, Churchills and Walpoles show what a keen eye and mind he brought to the demolition of concoctions accepted on indifferent evidence and often marred by gross mistakes. The Elizabethan heralds with their free imaginations vexed him particularly, and he insisted on feudal evidence of the tenure and descent of land as the best proof of pedigree. In historical research he did good service by pointing out how a more or less reasonable conjecture by a man of note passes insensibly into a fact.

His faults are, as Mr. Page suggests, to be ascribed largely to his upbringing and self-centred life, and it is fairly certain that over-work increased his irritability. His writings, including a long range of articles in the "Dictionary of National

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FICTION.

ANGEL PAVEMENT. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

EXTERNALLY, this novel is almost the counterpart of its highly successful predecessor. In other respects, it is surprisingly unlike. Indeed, many who enjoyed "The Good Companions," with its abundance of cheery talk and its hopeful philosophy, will be disappointed with a book of which, with scarcely any exaggeration, it may be said that nearly everything goes wrong with everybody except the financial adventurer Golspie and his "vamp" daughter. They, in their different ways, have been lavish with Dead Sea fruit as shining as the man's forehead and as red as the girl's lips.

The veneer-dealing firm in whose office much of the action passes is broken by the man who for a time has helped it greatly, in his own interests, but who has been deeply offended socially by the principal's wife; and three of the most admirably-drawn characters in the book, the head-clerk, the second clerk, and the head-typist, lose their jobs. Other well-imagined people are a kindly lodging-house keeper in North London and her beery husband, and a "sleuth" office boy. All these characters themselves, and also the "Veneer and Inlay" office; the girl's residential club in which the head-typist lives; and the home of the head clerk are drawn with a fullness of observation which repeatedly recalls Balzac and the great English novelist who, much to the author's credit, seems to hover again, if in a gloomy mood, over Mr. Priestley's pages. Indeed, while there is again no imitation whatever to be deprecated, the tone in the present case is more in accord with the pessimism of the Frenchman than the optimism of the Englishman.

The "great scene," probably, is that in which the too-fascinat-

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ing "vamp," Lena Golspie, amuses herself, almost to his destruction, with the utterly infatuated clerk Turgis. The author seems to be taking the plunge into the stream of modernist fiction when the rather haughty head-typist, after much consideration, decides to submit to "seduction" by Mr. Golspie during a week-end which, happily for her, fails at the last moment to come off.

THE FEATHERED NEST. By MARGARET LEECH. Secker. 7s. 6d.

MISS LEECH has written an admirable novel quite free from the obsession of sex which makes some admired American fiction disgusting. She deals with the luxurious life of the rich, who have elaborate houses decked out with all that the fashionable taste can provide. Isabelle Forster did not care much for her husband, and when he died, she clung to her three boys with passionate selfishness. We see them growing up, marrying women she does not approve of and naturally leaving the home for wider interests. She has a positive mania for ruling their lives and keeping them within call. Subtle hints and violent scenes, tenderness and anger, unjustified complaints—she uses all for her own purposes and only repels when she wishes to attract. She adores her only grandson but nearly kills him by her studied neglect of his mother.

The three brothers are all different and carefully studied. The youngest, her "Baby," is the most considerate in realizing her perversity. He pities her but sees that

> as carefully as though her procedure had been a subtly planned campaign to alienate them, she had driven them all from her and they had, with various degrees of amiability, gone.

Yet, at the end she has got hold of the son who was always in bitter revolt and taken advantage of his distress to lay hold of him.

Both in its style and working out, the book is first-rate.

A NOTE IN MUSIC. By ROSAMOND LEHMANN. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

MISS LEHMANN writes with distinction, dealing with subtle influences and emotions rather than incident. Two women nearing middle age, married to husbands they find it difficult to appreciate, are living in a dull northern town when a vivacious young man and his smart sister enter their lives for a while as a disturbing current. This compelling brightness has its chief influence at a picnic, and leads to a better marital understanding in one case after the amorous letter-writing of a Professor has been fairly discussed with his wife. The young man with all his seeming self-confidence is revealed at the end as one who "had never been able to understand himself—much less anybody else" and had no fixed purpose in life at all. The little dancing-girl, Pansy, who proved a passing attraction to him is highly sentimentalized, while the glimpse of an up-to-date, æsthetic, posing Oxonian is odious enough. Miss Lehmann seems unable to keep away from the sex perversion which made her previous book sensational. We prefer her delicate descriptions of Nature as the year goes on. Here, for instance, is the vision of the dull wife of a Philistine, impelled by the young man to recall her early days :—

> She went into the wood and saw the first wild flash of the blue-bells. They ran away into the shadowy distance on every hand, flooding the ground with

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urgent blue—with a blue that cried like the sounds of violins. She sat beneath the smooth, snake-striped, coiling branches of her chosen tree, and saw beneath her a creaming tide of primroses, clotting the mossy slopes, brimming in the hollows.

The story is a little obscure in some of its connections, the persons indicated not being always evident.

THE DYING ALDERMAN. By HENRY WADE. Constable. 7s. 6d.

MR. WADE, an accomplished hand at the detective story, manages his narrative with care, introducing the little touches which make character real and incidentally provide the various clues among which the reader has to choose. The Alderman was not only dying but actually murdered and the setting of the story—the official building in which the Mayor and other authorities control the expenses of Quenborough—is novel. But one rather wonders at a murder arising out of a debate on finance. The "hey-day of the blood" is over with these adult committee men. Mr. Wade is ingenious enough but the motive for the murder and the manner of it seem to us strained. In the patient unravelling of clues he is, as usual, at his best, while the chaff and little scores exchanged between the various investigators are quite amusing.

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Mr. Brophy is at present a cloud little bigger than a man's hand on the literary horizon, with a war novel which gained good

critical notices as his chief claim to attention. The volume of essays gathered together under the title of "Fanfare" reveals him definitely as a writer not to be missed. There is a quality about the actual writing as well as in the thought which almost guarantees literature. It is this sensitiveness we tend to look for, especially in the essay as a literary form, and Mr. Brophy has it. Whether he is giving us a travel sketch of his life in Egypt, a meditation such as the one upon "Faces" or his charming "Meditation on a Portrait," or a critical analysis such as that upon Mr. Herbert Read's "Definition of Prose," this dual element of clear thinking and clean expression is present. In a day when the essay is a little undervalued as a form, Mr. Brophy's volume should help the revival. H. S.

GENERAL.

SOME CRAFTIE ARTS. By JAN GORDON. Mitchell Kennerley. 5s. 6d.

MR. GORDON, one of the pair who write the travel books, has had the ingenious and original idea of consulting the mammoth Catalogue of Books in the British Museum on various Arts. The result is a strange medley which shows how far human credulity has gone, and how writers hope to win readers for their nostrums. The whole art of feminine seduction has been laid out in detail for the conquest of poor man and it is perhaps fortunate that he has retorted with some comments on these wiles. The arts of conversation give Mr. Gordon a chance for some shrewd comments, and the convivial arts lead to some attractive recipes of the old time, though already then, it appears, it was discovered that "most men dig their graves with their teeth." One bold man claims to have been able to control his dreams. The whole art of dress is now, we fear, largely wasted on men, who continue to be drab and conventional, while women play all the variations on the peacock's glorious plumage. Where are the ties which made Beau Brummell so great a dictator that he could call the Regent somebody else's "fat friend"? It is well not to probe too deeply into these matters; a Portuguese washerwoman sang wisely to Mr. Gordon:—

> Oh, I'm not one who asks for too much truth,
> Since truth, in truth, may only stir up strife.

After all the Professors and specialists have had their word, Mother Nature decides our gifts and deficiencies.